# Our Options in Vietnam

March 12, 1964 35¢

PEARSON'S PROGRESS: A REPORT FROM CANADA

# THE REPORTER

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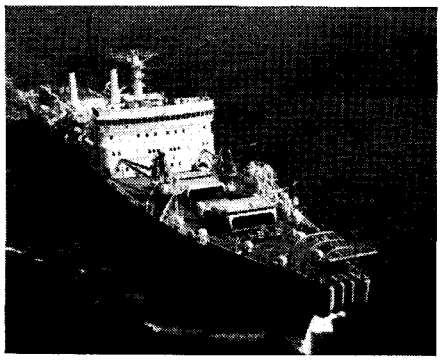
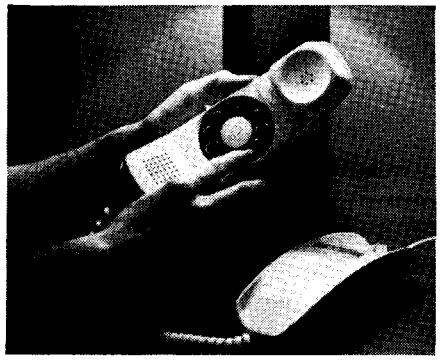
# Where was the Bell System on

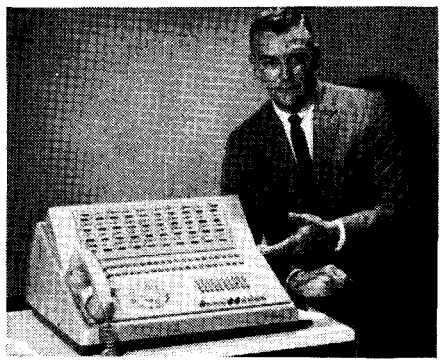
# Feb. 28, 1964?



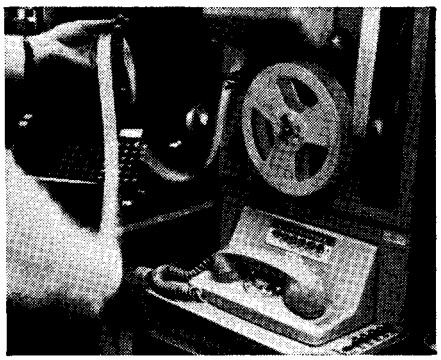
It was engaged with its cable ship, C. S. Long Lines, in laying a new undersea telephone cable from Hawaii to Japan.



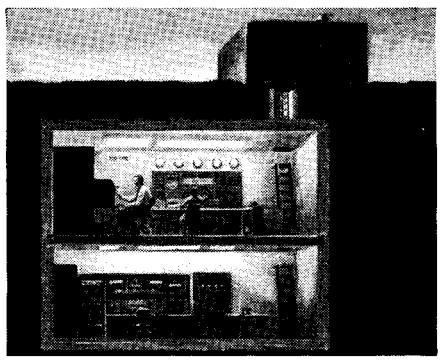
It was adding to its line of home services to give customers an ever-growing choice of phone styles, colors and uses.



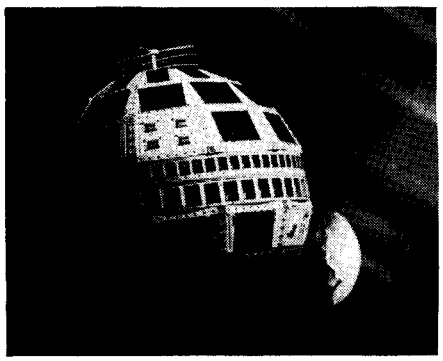
It was bringing out new equipment to help its Communications Consultants tailor more efficient services for business.



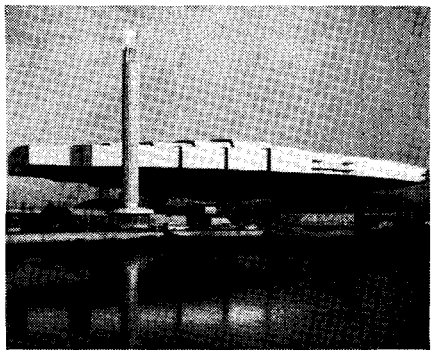
It was adapting transmission facilities to handle more and different kinds of data between distant business machines.



It was "hardening" its communications for defense by burying cables, bypassing major cities, training for emergencies.

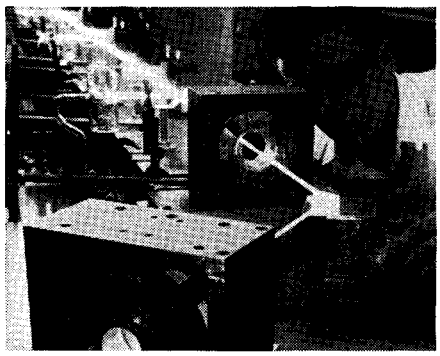


It was continuing experiments with space communications—the new art in which its Telstar® satellites were pioneers.



It was readying its exhibit at the New York World's Fair for an expected 30,000,000 visitors during 1964 and 1965.

It was extending microwave routes for TV, telephone and data, and designing new facilities for future growth.



It was conducting research in many fields including studies of certain light waves and their communications potential.

As on every day, the Bell Telephone System was busy in many ways improving present services, bringing out new ones, and providing America with the world's finest communications system.

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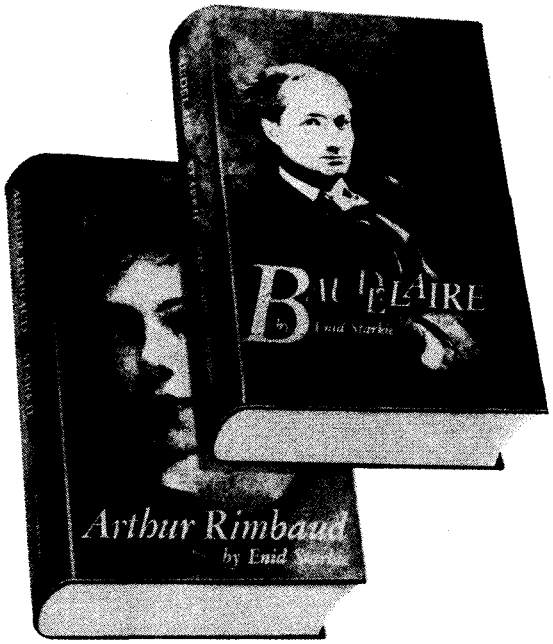


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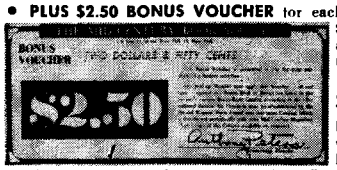


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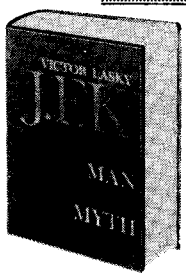


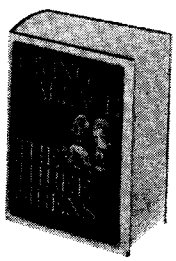

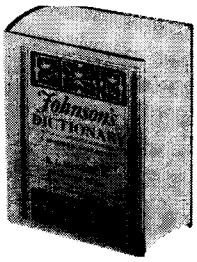


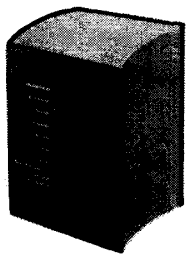

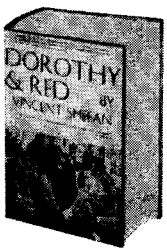


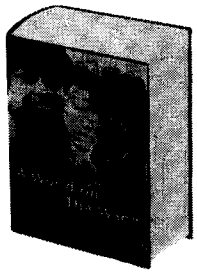

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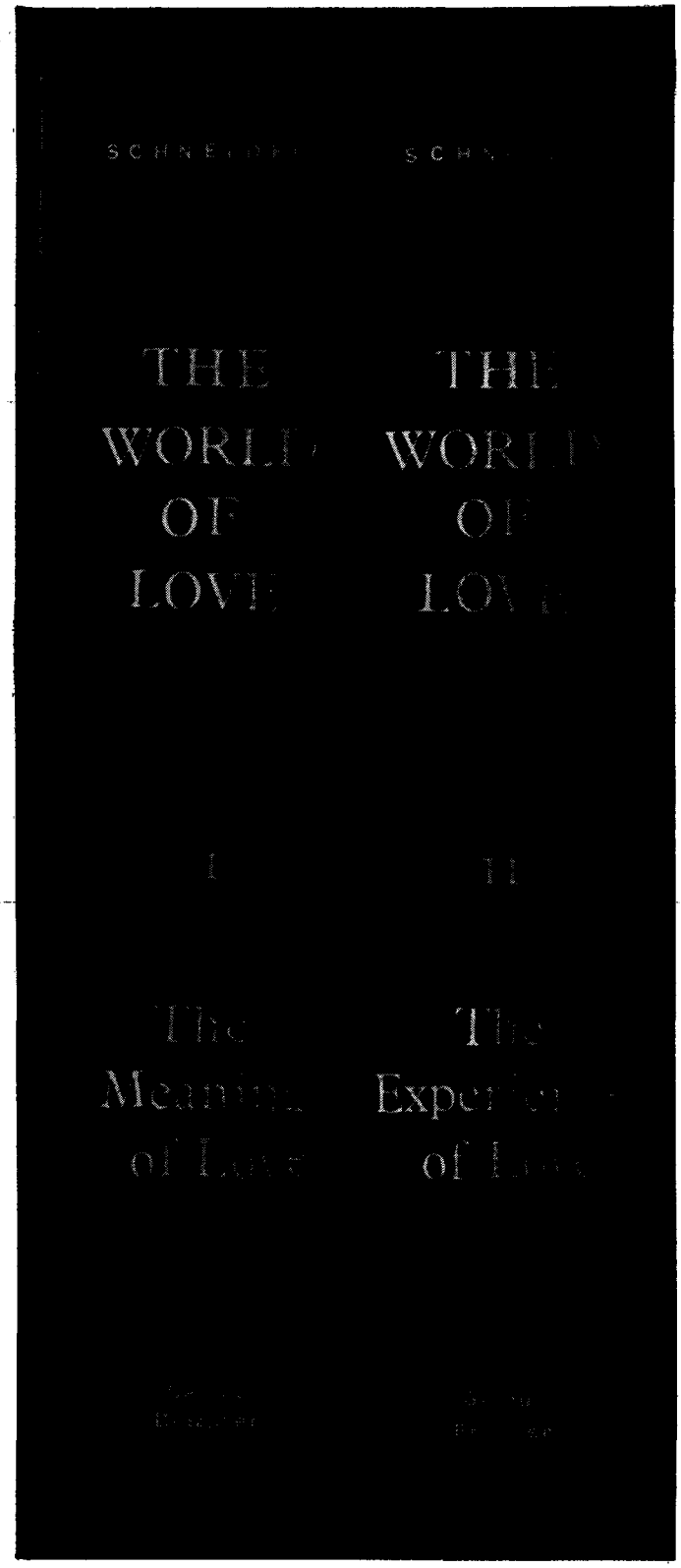


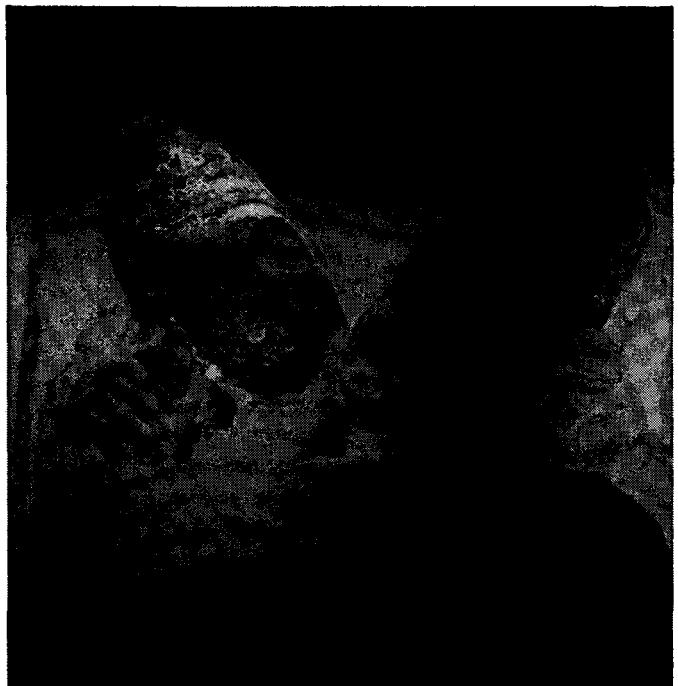

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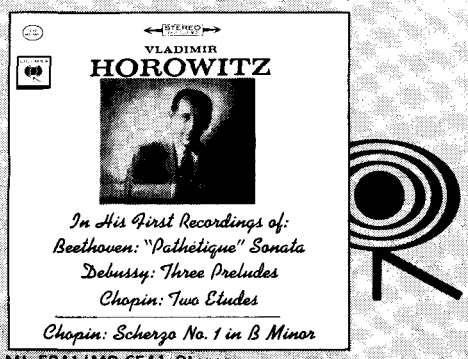


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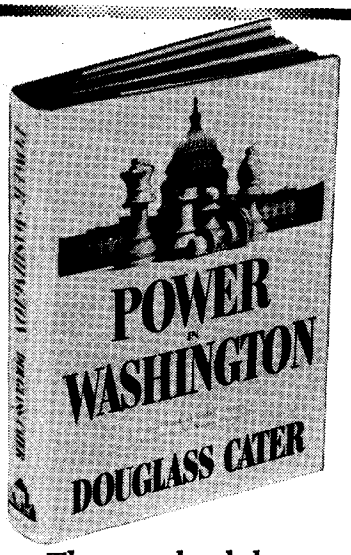


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# WHO– WHAT– WHY–

DESPITE all the threats and name calling, it is surely a mistake to claim that peaceful coexistence is impossible in the world today. Why, look how well it works between the Russians and the Chinese as they compete with comradely zeal to see who can make the most trouble here and there about the map. Indeed, after a late start the Chinese seem to be catching up with their friends in the Kremlin and are about to take the lead. At any rate, the Chinese shadow is seen everywhere these days. First and foremost, as far as we in the United States are concerned, it falls on Vietnam, where we find ourselves arrayed in a dubious battle against the Vietcong surrogates of Mao's surrogates in Hanoi. As **Bernard B. Fall** points out, the confrontation may become more direct in the near future. Mr. Fall, author of *The Two Viet-Nams* (Praeger), professor of international relations at Howard University, and consultant to several government agencies, analyzes the various options that are open to us in Vietnam. . . . China's ambitions are by no means limited to Asia. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent who is now off on a swing through Africa, informs us that the Chinese shadow has even been detected in a recent and very bloody eruption of tribal warfare there.

LESTER B. PEARSON'S Liberal administration in Canada has a tough row to hoe: without a majority in parliament, it must confront pressing economic and social problems that had been dealt with in a temporizing fashion during six years of Conservative rule. The greatest of these problems, **William H. Hessler** writes after an extensive tour north of the border, is the drive of French Canadians for full integration in the national life—or for partition of the country. Mr. Hessler, an editorial writer for the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* has often reported on Canadian affairs for this magazine. . . . A price-fixing measure presented to Congress as a "quality stabilization act" to aid small businesses has lobbyists in a lather and legislators in a sweat. **Julius Duscha,** a reporter for the Washington *Post,* offers us a glimpse of another election-year issue on Capitol Hill. . . . "Eighteen million opportunities" is the way some union leaders regard the over-sixty-five segment of our population. Many unions are keeping their retired members active in political as well as recreational and welfare activities; and the politics of geriatrics, according to **Barbara Carter** of our staff, may become an important union function. . . . **Meg Greenfield** of our Washington bureau is, like President Johnson, an avid reader of the capital's women's-page stories. As she explains, the gushing garden-party notes often reveal more about the Washington scene than the front-page news. . . . If you are going to Europe this summer, **Mel Elfin's** article on the complexities of air fares may help you unravel the tangled skein of gimmick rates now being offered and may even save you money. Mr. Elfin is a general editor of *Newsweek.* . . . **Daniel S. Greenberg,** a writer with *Science* magazine, explores the era of pork-barrel science.

WE DO NOT KNOW how Shakespeare spoke and we do not know how Beethoven sounded when the orchestras of his day played his symphonies. **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** basing his remarks on contemporary accounts, thinks that the sounds may have been slightly strange since Beethoven's orchestras hardly bothered to rehearse and were made up in part of amateurs. Mr. Grunfeld lives on Mallorca and writes regularly for us on music and other subjects. . . . The poem in this issue is by **Charles Edward Eaton,** whose books of poetry include *Write Me from Rio* (Blair) and *Countermoves,* his latest (Abelard). . . . The process by which the rise of New York's skyscrapers is blotting out the stars furnishes **Fritz Littlejohn,** a professional newsman and amateur stargazer, with a subject for nostalgic comment. . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** discovers that man is a gentle beast when stripped of his armor. . . . **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** a New York attorney, served as an American liaison officer with the Chinese during the Second World War and with General Marshall's mission during the Chinese civil war. . . . **John William Ward** is completing a study of the idea of individualism in America at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences in Stanford, California. . . . **Herbert Robinson** is a New York lawyer who specializes in legal matters relating to conflict of interest in business.

Our cover, a view of the Château Frontenac and the Upper Town in Quebec City, is by **Alexander Russo.**



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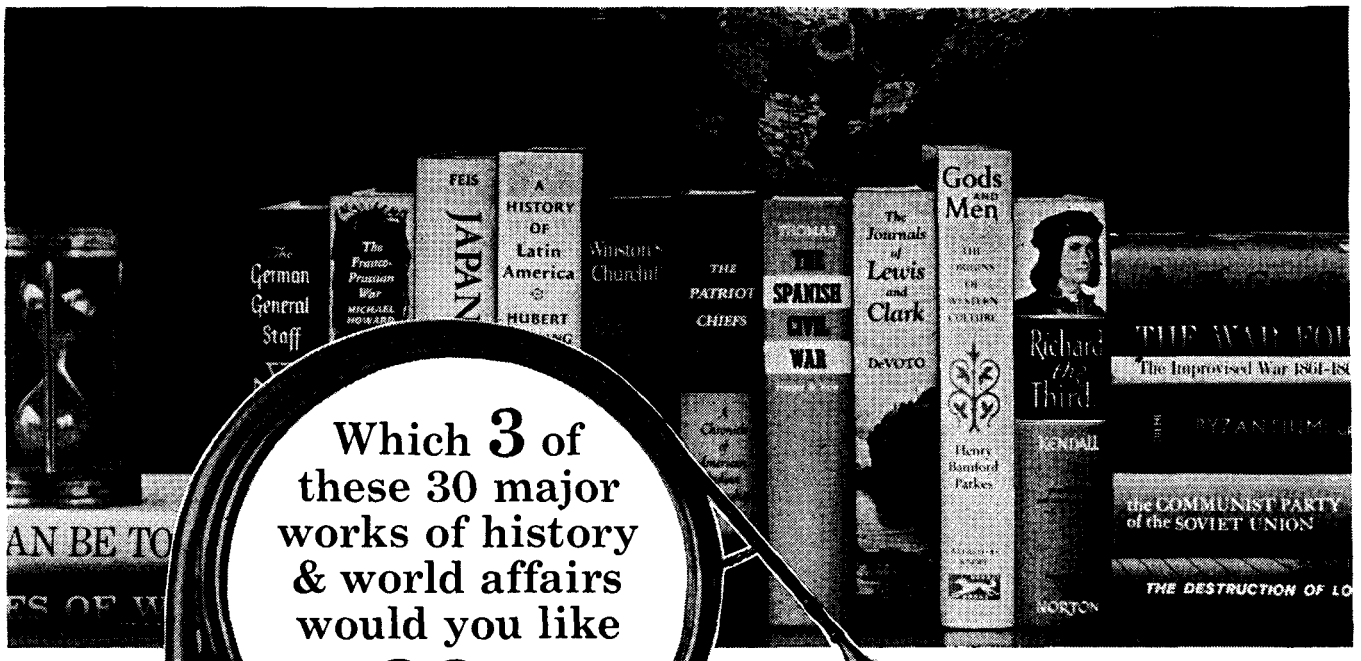


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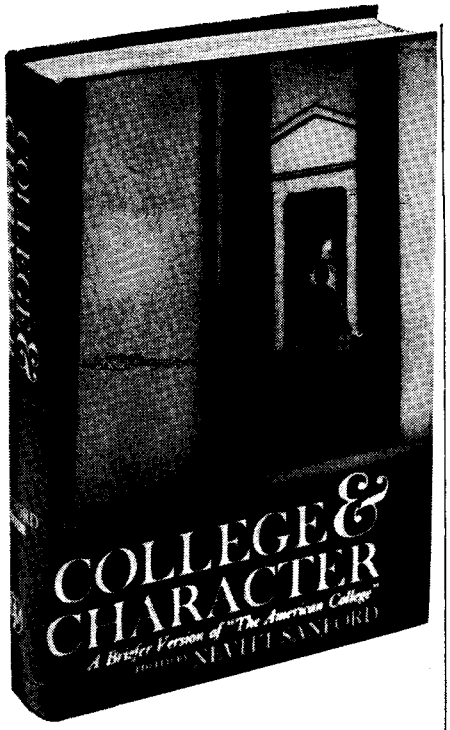


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## WHAT'S DE GAULLE UP TO?

**To the Editor:** In your editorial on de Gaulle's recognition of China (February 27) you have put principle, the hard line of resistance against Communism, ahead of the admiration you have so consistently expressed for the lofty nature of a great man's thinking. It cannot have been easy for you to have done so, for of course you were well aware that you would be attacked from two sides: the Gaullist, for not allowing yourself to be carried along in the strong stream of de Gaulle's action regardless of where it led; and the liberal anti-Gaullist, for not recognizing that this action unexpectedly provides the West, and in particular the United States, with a new freedom to change its own policies. I am looking forward to your sardonic comment on these latter-day admirers of the general.

RAYMOND ROCHAT
Cambridge, Massachusetts

## 'LABOUR'S SHADOW DIPLOMACY'

**To the Editor:** I have seen Mr. Gordon Brook-Shepherd's interview with me, published in your issue of February 13. I do not wish to question in any way Mr. Brook-Shepherd's efficiency or honesty. I have no doubt that he sincerely reported what he thought I had said. However, he took no extensive note of my remarks and he, therefore, relied largely upon his memory for his lengthy passages of direct quotation. In these circumstances, errors of emphasis are likely to arise. In fact, the interview gives a very heightened and exaggerated account of my views, particularly in relation to Latin America and to what I said about Pietro Nenni. I did not use some of the expressions attributed to me, nor do they represent the opinions I actually hold.

P. C. GORDON WALKER
House of Commons
London

***Mr. Brook-Shepherd replies:***
The problem of recapitulating exactly a two-hour "on the record" conversation is obviously formidable. Mr. Gordon Walker had most generously declined as "unnecessary" my suggestion (made twice) to clear all proposed quotations with him textually and in writing. For this reason I would be particularly sorry if my memory had failed us both even if only over some "errors of emphasis." But I must with respect point out that two memories are involved here and that my own was supported as painstakingly as I could support it from four and a half pages of notes.

## 'ARTIFACTS OF ADULATION'

**To the Editor:** Thank you ever so much for sending on to me the Alan Levy article on the licensing of merchandise (*The Reporter,* February 13). I enjoyed reading about my competitors.

If *The Reporter* ever decides to license the rights to its name and logo, I am sure you will think of us first.

JAY EMMETT
Licensing Corporation of America
New York

**To the Editor:** Alan Levy casually tosses about the names of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton while they have little connection with the article. As president of the Committee for the Reputation of Elizabeth Taylor I would like to officially protest the use of Miss Taylor's name in an article about "Mickey Mouse watches, Shari Lewis dolls, Ben Casey tunics . . ."

NAPOLEON JONES, President
CRET
New York

## 'THE CARDINAL'

**To the Editor:** The review "How to Get a Red Hat" in the February 13 issue was one of the wittiest (and truest) it has been my pleasure to read in recent years. Imagine my delight to learn that the reviewer, Andrew M. Greeley, is a Roman Catholic priest! Perfect!

J. A. STRANDBERG
El Cerrito, California

Solution to

## THE REPORTER

Puzzle #96

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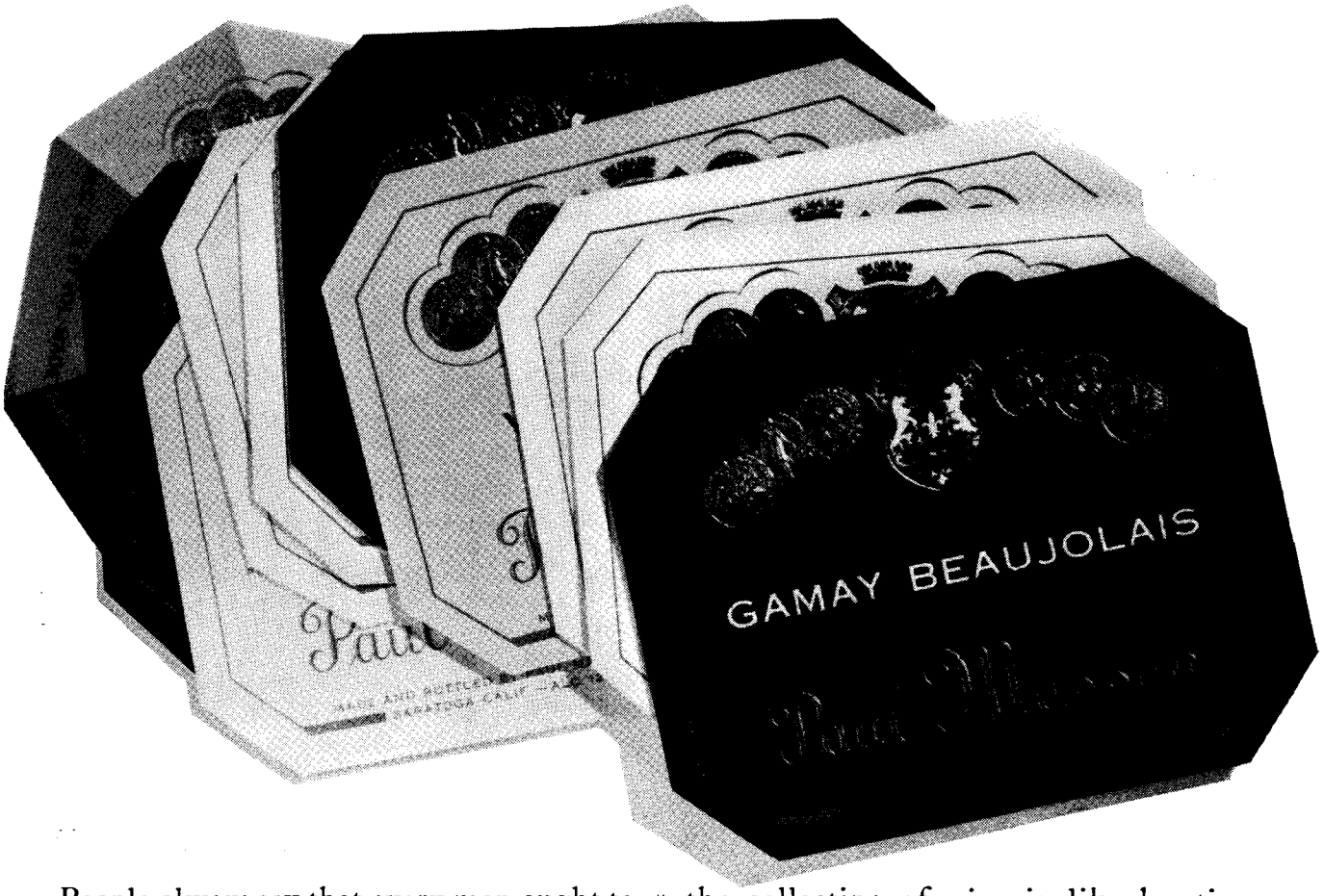
# WINE COLLECTING TAKES UP LESS SPACE THAN ANTIQUE CARS, IS QUIETER THAN HI-FI, AND TASTES BETTER THAN STAMPS




People always say that every man ought to have a hobby but they never mention the real reason, which is: it's the only way he can be alone at home.

Most men, therefore, will choose a hobby that is so bulky, messy, noisy, or boring that no one can bear to be near them; a high price to pay for solitude.

The wise man will forsake these self-tortures and take up wine collecting. It works just as well, no one will bother him: A) children do not drink and so are not interested; B) women love to have wine at the table, but they feel, quite rightly, that the collecting of wine is, like hunting, man's work. And so it is.

Wine collecting has one magnificent advantage over other hobbies: you can drink it. Also, it is neither expensive nor complicated to start. One may begin with two or three different reds and two or three whites; but which ones? To help you we will be happy to send you the labels of all thirteen Paul Masson table wines (plus a description of the delicious differences of each) to give you a collector's feel right away. Write: Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. R-1, Saratoga, California.

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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## Interim Reflections on LBJ

It is an amazing thing to behold the way this man has been showing himself in the four months he has been in the White House. There is about him an oversized quality that might even be greatness, although one cannot say that there has been greatness in any single act or speech or in their cumulative impact. Sometimes he is just right, mostly on the solemn occasions when he addresses the nation; sometimes he overdoes it, as when he beseeched some of the advisers of the former administration not to leave him, not to break the continuity, as if he were not on his own now; at other times he seems to be pulling somebody's leg, as when he appealed to "men of ideas" to help him on a sometime, anytime basis, and without status.

In foreign policy his speeches, and for all we know his actions, have undoubtedly been inspired by his desire to follow the line of the New Frontier, but with the dark, Wagnerian notes of drama, with the somber prophecy of endless stretches of toil ahead, all gone. Instead, there is more of a lullaby quality in his speeches: everything will turn out more or less all right; we had better stick to the troubles we have lest we make room for worse, and so forth. In his foreign-affairs pronouncements he is inclined to overplay the Texan provincial act in spite of the fact that he has completely reached national stature. But so far, he seems inclined to prefer exhibiting this national stature only for home consumption.

With all due respect, we fail to be convinced by his show of provincialism, and we would advise foreign leaders to go slow in reaching their conclusions and to keep their guard up. The same advice could be given to some of his domestic opponents in both parties. The man gives an enormous amount of himself to the job, but keeps at least an equal amount to himself, taking notes, storing up. There is, we feel, a sophisticated, deliberate quality in his folksy lack of sophistication. He keeps his energy in reserve for the right time. That time may come even before he is elected to a term of his own.

He is greatly concerned with what is printed about him and reacts, so it is said, tirelessly and crudely. Frequently, authoritative reporters from Washington carry in their columns scarcely veiled hints of background news or imminent policy developments that sometimes sound as if they had been planted directly in the Oval Room or else near it. As is well known, he dislikes the traditional press conference for the excellent reason that he is not good at it. But why isn't he good? We are inclined to think he is the kind of person who wants to keep purposeful control over his Freudian slips.

Of course he is self-centered. But what man ever got to that position who was not? We have the feeling that he is centered on what he is going to do in living up to that position, rather than on his own image. Quite a man, we would say.

—Max Ascoli

## Two Cheers for the Tax Cut

With the faintly anticlimactic note that characterizes such occasions, the President and key congressmen gathered to celebrate enactment of the $11.5-billion tax cut. It was, said Mr. Johnson, "the single most important step that we have taken to strengthen our economy since World War II." As he made clear, its benefit was not to be reckoned only in higher take-home income for individuals. The longer-run result, according to the President's advisers, will be increased growth and prosperity for the nation. Edwin



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L. Dale, Jr., of the New York *Times* argues emphatically that at last "the United States has been firmly set on the road of economics developed nearly thirty years ago by the British economist John Maynard Keynes. Tax rates are not set solely to make Government receipts balance expenditures. But rather, the rates are based on the state of the general economy."

Of course Lord Keynes could have foreseen only dimly the state of a general economy in which automation, which will undoubtedly be spurred by the new corporate tax reductions, raises threats of unemployment on a vast scale while a chronic condition of hard-core poverty seems to be untouched by general prosperity. And President Johnson scarcely revealed an unqualified devotion to the Keynesian concept of deficit financing when he pledged to "keep faith" with Committee Chairmen Harry Byrd and Wilbur Mills by cutting government expenditures.

We have other reservations about the tax bill. The original proposals for structural tax reform were largely neglected during the maneuvering in Congressional committees. A few conspicuous loopholes were made smaller, as in reducing the tax benefits of Americans living abroad, but others were widened, particularly in treating earnings as capital gains. In case after case, special interests were accommodated in ways reminiscent of the logrolling that used to occur when tariffs were being drafted in Congress.

Is our government really ready for the use of taxation as an economic weapon? Few reputable economists would argue with the Keynesian theory that swiftly administered tax cuts—and increases—can be valuable in counteracting cyclical trends. But the present tax bill was chewed over for more than thirteen months. And Mr. Kennedy's request for limited authority to vary tax rates as an anti-recession device has been completely ignored.

Three decades ago our government set about bringing some order into its tariff procedures through the Trade Agreements Act. It is high time that taxation be brought into the twentieth century.

## The Murrow Legacy

With practically no fuss, the Senate has confirmed the appointment of former Ambassador to Finland Carl T. Rowan as director of the U.S. Information Agency. The anticipated resistance from a few Southern senators to the appointment failed to materialize. Questioned for about two hours on past practices of the agency, Rowan upheld the policy judgments of his predecessor, Edward R. Murrow. The Senate confirmed his nomination without objection. And that was that.

It had not been only the fact that Rowan is a Negro that was expected to cause some trouble. Traditionally Congress has been ill disposed toward the agency and has rarely missed an opportunity to express its misgivings, suspicions, and downright hostility. The new calm on Capitol Hill may be considered one of Murrow's most impressive achievements as director of the agency. Nor should his achievement—the domestic rehabilitation of USIA—be considered irrelevant to the agency's mission overseas. Anyone who doubts the vital connection need only ponder the way the effectiveness of such agencies as AID or the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has been diminished by wobbliness at the top, poor morale in the ranks, and appropriations setbacks that regularly attend Congressional and public disfavor.

How did Murrow do it? He rarely turned down a speaking engagement outside Washington that would afford him a chance to explain what the agency was doing and why. He restored the self-confidence of one of the most demoralized bureaucracies in town, first by establishing the agency's importance in the higher councils of government, second by such acts as the reinstatement of Reed Harris, a casualty of the McCarthy era. But above all, he created a measure of Congressional confidence in the agency itself. Murrow spent countless hours arguing his case publicly and privately on the Hill. Even after his recent operation, when he scarcely had the strength for such endeavors, he called the legislators from his farm in New York State on behalf of the agency's budg-



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# These people don't want to be "taken" by the power company –or any other monopoly

On February 12, 1962, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois called the attention of the United States Senate and the nation to a situation of prime importance to power company customers all over the country.

Senator Douglas pointed out that, "Ever since Congress passed the 1954 Internal Revenue Act, many public utilities have been reaping a bonanza at the expense of utility consumers. A number of utility regulatory jurisdictions . . . have permitted utilities to charge rates based on income tax allowances which far exceed their actual tax liability to the Treasury."

The Illinois Senator was referring to the tax laws which permit commercial power companies to collect from their customers money to be used for payment of taxes — *but money which in fact is not paid in to the United States Treasury.*

Power companies do not *pay* taxes in the sense that other businesses do. They *collect* taxes from consumers as a part of their rate base, and pass the money on to the Treasury. However, present tax laws permit them to keep substantial portions of these tax collections for their own use.

As Howard Morgan, then Vice Chairman of the Federal Power Commission, told a House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Subcommittee on February 28, 1963: ". . . consumers are being charged huge amounts representing phantom taxes which are not paid and in the opinion of most, if not all disinterested students of taxation, will never be paid. Worse still, these funds are re-invested in the corporation with the result that the ratepayer must pay a return on capital involuntarily extracted from him by the utilities."

America's non-profit rural electric systems share the concern of other power company customers in this matter. The rural electrics pay the commercial power companies more than $100-million a year for wholesale power. We do not think they should be permitted to keep and use for their own benefit those portions of the money they collect for taxes. We believe such money should be paid into the Treasury or returned to us and the other customers from whom it was collected in the first place.

Our suggestions for corrective action have been answered with a slashing and unfair propaganda attack on the rural electrification program.

Thoughtful people, including legislators and Journalists, are beginning to see through this smokescreen. They are asking whether it is not about time for a searching examination of the nation's power companies and their rate structures.

We think the people ought to know more about this problem. Further information is available from:

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*A piece of the action from Newsweek:*

"Craggy steppingstone"

"Appalachia is an evocative word. It conjures up legendary names like Boone and Crockett, fabled Americana like the Hatfield-McCoy feud, pungent place-names like Granny's Branch and Pigeonroost. Appalachia was the wild, craggy, menacing steppingstone to the U.S. West. In folklore, it became the land of the long rifle, the moonshiner, the child bride, and the revenooer no less than the timeless locale of Li'l Abner's Dogpatch. Physically, Appalachia today is the spit and image of its legends, but instead of lean, inscrutable mountain patriarchs, there are tired, numbly polite men presiding over clans of birth-worn women and tribes of pasty-faced children."

*From a recent Newsweek story.*
*A glimpse of how we read these days.*
*Have you read Newsweek lately?*

**Newsweek**

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et. Ordinarily agency heads, having testified at appropriations hearings, are whisked off in their big black cars, leaving aides to explain and argue before the committee. It was Murrow's custom, after he had been heard, to remain throughout all testimony related to the agency.

Such questions as Rowan was asked, particularly those related to a film about last August's March on Washington, indicate that Congress is not yet entirely relaxed about the policies of USIA. But on the whole, Rowan has inherited a going concern.

### The Attraction of Op. Cits.

*(The following quotations have been provided to us by a voracious reader with an excellent memory.)*

From Meg Greenfield, "The Prose of Richard M. Nixon," *The Reporter*, September 29, 1960, page 17:
"The standard pattern of Nixon's prose goes something like this: statement of one side of the case (a), followed by a statement of the other side of the case (b). Although the bridge from (a) to (b) is usually the word 'but,' other familiar locutions such as 'at the same time,' 'on the other hand,' and 'however' also enable him to take a position and warn against it at the same time."

From Victor Lasky, *J.F.K. The Man and the Myth*, 1963, page 358:
"The standard pattern of Kennedy's prose went something like this: statement of one side of the case (a), followed by a statement of the other side of the case (b). Although the bridge from (a) to (b) is usually the word 'but,' other familiar locutions such as 'at the same time,' 'on the other hand,' and 'however' also enabled him to take a position and warn against it at the same time."

From Greenfield, *op. cit.*, page 19:
". . . in Nixon's prose the straw man emerges as more than a debating device: it is an innate feature of his thinking."

From Lasky, *op. cit.*, page 360:
"In Kennedy's prose . . . the straw man emerges as more than a debating device: it is an innate feature of his thinking."



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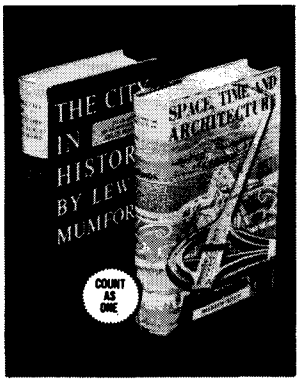


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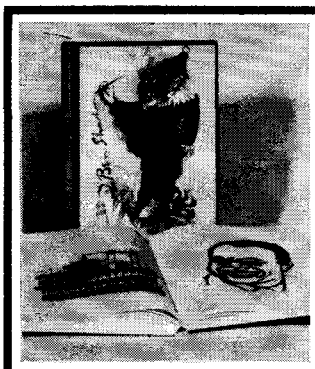

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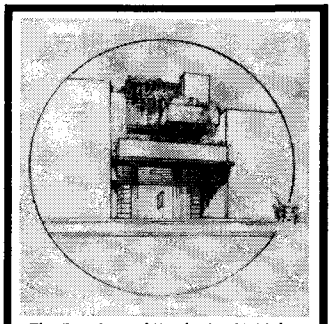

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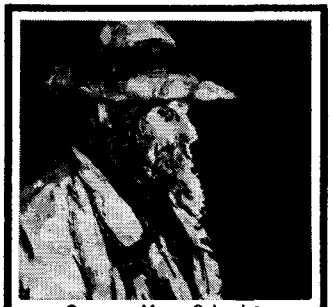

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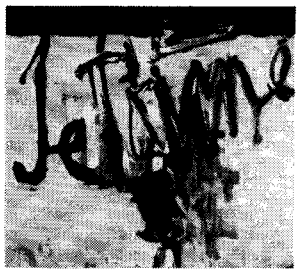

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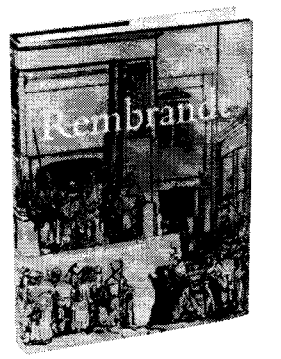


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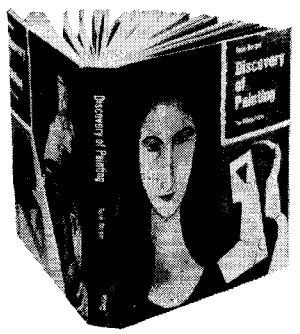


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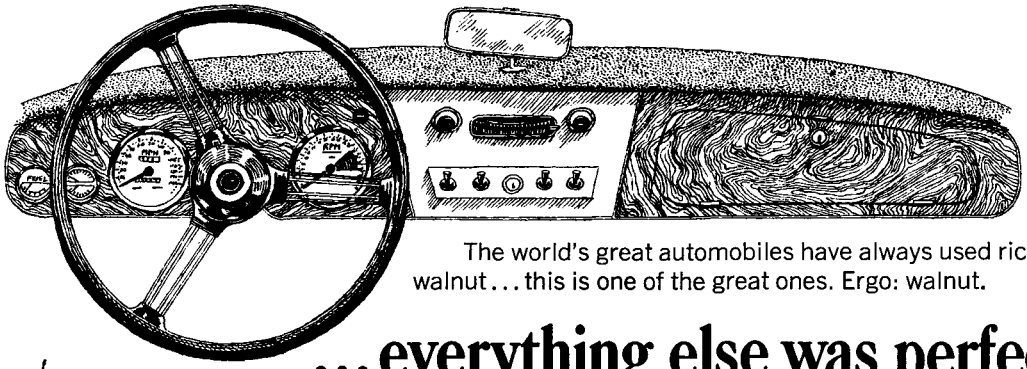
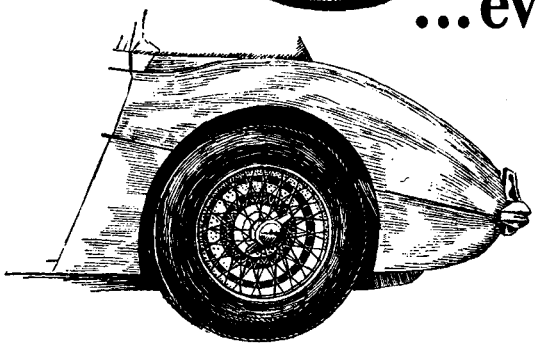
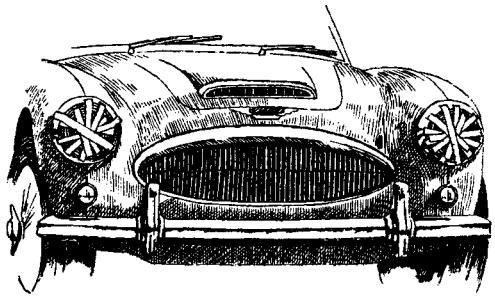


The world's great automobiles have always used rich walnut... this is one of the great ones. Ergo: walnut.

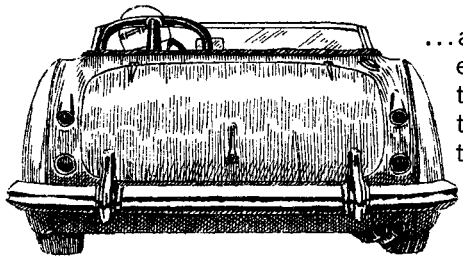
## ...everything else was perfect..



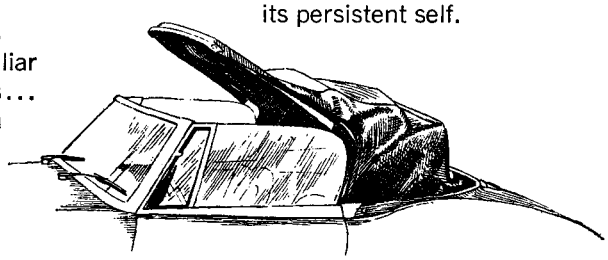
We're hesitant to say it... but the original sculptured look of the Healey is unbeatable... so that stays the same.



A sight often seen in the rear-view mirror of Grand Prix drivers who *thought* they had driven the opposition into the ground. That remains its persistent self.



...and this view is even more familiar to other owners... that will remain the same.



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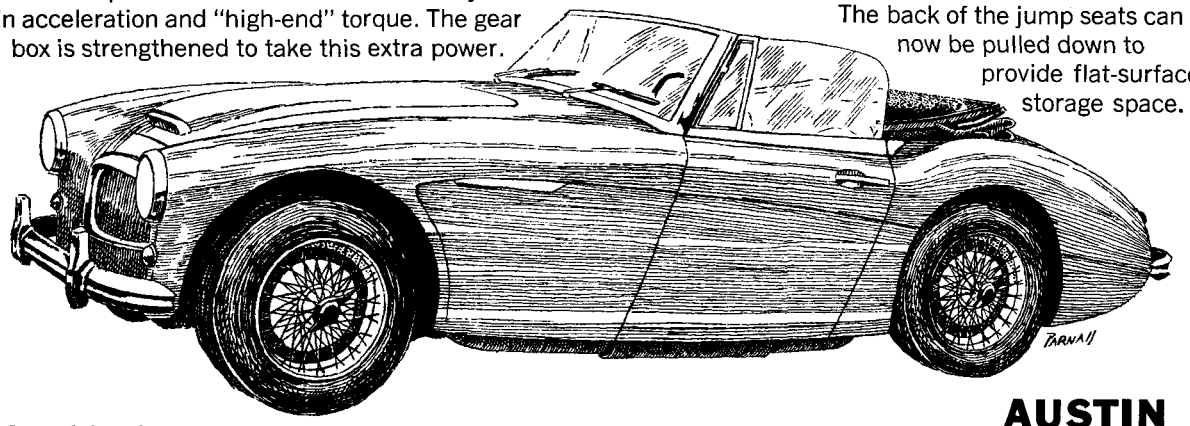


One of the nicest unchanged things about the Healey... is the owners. They're loyal almost beyond reason. They keep insisting a sports car be a sports car and not an automatic toy with buttons and blinking lights. We respect their wishes and thank them.

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# Our Options in Vietnam

BERNARD B. FALL

WITH THE FALL of Dienbienphu on May 7, 1954, the first western attempt to save Laos and the northern provinces of Vietnam from Communist-led revolutionary warfare came to an end. Today the same conditions that impelled the French to make the bitter choice between broadening the scope of the war or cutting their losses face the United States and the South Vietnamese government we are committed to support. And once again the choices must be evaluated primarily on the basis of available military facts and figures.

The situation in South Vietnam today is militarily serious but by no means desperate, if you look only at the numerical balance sheets. On the South Vietnamese side, there are forces of some 530,000 men that include the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN, known among the Americans as "the Arvins"), probably the best-equipped army of its size in the non-Communist world; a militarized Civil Guard; local militiamen grouped in the Self-Defense Corps (SDC); and various police and special units. In addition, there are at least 15,500 American military "advisers."

THE COMMUNIST insurgent forces, or Vietcong as they are called by the South Vietnamese, are both smaller in number and far poorer in terms of equipment. There are three types of combat units: a hard-core body known as Chu-Luc (Main Force), regional units, and the local militia. The hard-core units, used for all major attacks against the ARVN, are composed of those veterans of the war against the French who stayed in South Vietnam after 1954 or who went north for additional training and later reinfiltrated southward. Some Chu-Luc units operate as regiments of about 2,500 men, but most are in 500-man mobile battalions that may be shifted from province to province or even from region to region—from the mountain plateau area to the Mekong Delta, for example, as happened throughout 1963.

The regional units operate in company strength within a given province that they know well. They carry out small combat missions of their own, such as ambushes or sabotage; but their key mission is to serve as "protective coloration" when a hard-core unit arrives in their area. One or several companies of the regional units join the Chu-Luc for the duration of its operation in the province and thus provide the larger unit with local eyes and ears, food or medical supplies requisitioned on the spot, and also with fairly well-trained replacements. When the hard-core unit strikes, the local militia levies come into their own. They act as guides and lookouts for the regulars and regionals. It is the local levies that give the Vietcong units their frightening ability to be at home almost everywhere. If the attack succeeds, the local Vietcong militiamen will "clean up" the battlefield, hide the booty, bury the dead of their own side, and care for its wounded before the ARVN can take an accurate count of enemy losses. And if, by rare chance, the regular Vietcong unit falls into a trap, the militia are expected to bear the brunt of the rear-guard fighting until the regulars have again disappeared into the jungle or into the impenetrable maze of canals and swamps. The elite of the militia eventually "graduate" into the regional units. Much later, after years of fighting and political indoctrination, the onetime peasant may become a hard-bitten Chu-Luc—if he lives that long.

Intelligence estimates of the exact number of Vietcong operating in South Vietnam have hardly varied over the past four years. A figure of between 22,000 to 25,000 regulars is generally admitted, supplemented by perhaps 60,000 to 80,000 irregulars. These figures are the basis for the optimism displayed by senior American officers both in Saigon and in the Pentagon. During the Indochina war, the French were fighting at a "tie-down ratio" of 1.5 to 1, which is



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notoriously insufficient to win against guerrillas. In South Vietnam today, the proportions are 16 to 1 if one counts the hard-core Vietcong only, and still 5 to 1 in favor of the ARVN when one includes all the Communist guerrillas.

### The Numbers Game

For Secretary McNamara and his entourage, the slide rule and the computer are articles of faith in measuring "success" or "failure." In Vietnam, that familiar military yardstick, the front line, is disconcertingly absent. In Korea, when the U.S. forces were compressed into the Pusan perimeter, there were no possible pretexts for optimistic headlines; after two years of military stalemate, the need for some sort of political accommodation became obvious. In Vietnam, success or failure must be measured by far more controversial standards. There is, first of all, the "kill count" or "body count," i.e., the number of enemy bodies actually counted on the battlefield. The trouble with the body count is that the Vietcong have the habit of picking up their casualties, dead or wounded, under all but the direst of circumstances—precisely to prevent an accurate estimate of how badly they have been hurt. Often many of the dead, particularly those killed by strafing or bombing, are innocent civilians. Their numbers inflate the kill counts of Pentagon briefers but in no way affect the Vietcong combat potential. The kill count, though discredited, is being used religiously to this day. The official (and largely meaningless) estimate of Vietcong killed from mid-1957 up to January, 1964, is about 125,000.

Another standard of measurement, and one that is perhaps slightly more representative of the real situation, is the "incident count," that is, the number of hostile acts in a given month. Incidents are classified into four categories: armed attacks, terrorism, sabotage, and propaganda; and the shift of emphasis from one category to the other is in itself considered significant. Where the incident count proves itself unreliable is in lumping together the isolated shooting of a village guard and the battalion-size attack against a whole government garrison. Very often, a numerical decrease of Vietcong activities is more than compensated by the fact that each individual action is far larger than in previous weeks, or that the enemy places emphasis on more violent incidents: for example, of the 738 incidents reported for the week of February 7-14, 1964, close to seventy per cent involved acts of terrorism. In any event, judging by the British experience in Malaya, where a total incident count of thirty a month was considered the equivalent of "victory," South Vietnam still has a long way to go.

AIR OPERATIONS have two yardsticks of success. One is called the "structure count," and the other is simply the tonnage of bombs or the amount of cannon or machine-gun ammunition expended. The structure count records the number of houses destroyed by bombing or napalm. Any house designated by the Forward Air Controller as a target automatically becomes a Vietcong house and any village burned to the ground a Vietcong village, regardless of actual political allegiance.

Finally, there are such conventional criteria as the number of weapons lost by either side. Here again, the record shows that South Vietnamese commanders, for fear of

loss of face or reprimand, have tended to understate their own losses and overstate those of the Vietcong. This has become a great deal less likely now that American advisers can be found even at the lowest unit levels. How disastrously bad the situation was in past years can only be guessed at—one educated guess is 125,000 light weapons lost to the Vietcong in the past two years—but the Pentagon officially admitted a loss rate of 234 weapons a week for the last three months of 1963, or more than 12,000 weapons for the year, as against average weekly Vietcong losses of ninety-seven weapons. The terms of comparison are relatively meaningless: "our" Vietnamese lose brand-new supermodern American weapons and the Vietcong lose homemade zip guns, although in recent months the ARVN have been recapturing American weapons. The huge amount of U.S. weapons available to the Vietcong through capture, theft, or even sale reduces the importance of the Ho Chi Minh Trail as a supply line from North Vietnam. It was important much earlier in the insurrection when organized units came south to become the nucleus of the hard-core battalions. Now the insurgency has reached the point where to a large extent it feeds on the enemy, in true Mao Tse-tung fashion. The trail, however, can still be useful for funneling in special replacements (saboteurs, anti-aircraft gunners, political cadres) and will be difficult to cut altogether.

### Four Roads to Choose

As this picture of the military aspects of the South Vietnamese war unfolds, it becomes abundantly clear that in a war without fronts and without hard-and-fast criteria of success, victory in the accepted sense of the word, or even in accordance with some new counterinsurgency abstraction such as "effective control" of ninety per cent of the population, becomes an elusive target. This realization, which has belatedly come to Washington, has finally brought pressure on the administration for a re-examination of the various possibilities (the official term is "options") to resolve the Vietnamese conflict. Added to this pressure is a desire to do something to prevent the situation from becoming a political liability for the Democrats in November.

In brief, the four major options can be defined as folows:

(1) Let South Vietnam go down the drain by pulling American troops out at a given date, regardless of the situation on the ground.

(2) Continue the present type of "proxy war" for as long as another ten years if necessary, and try to win under the present ground rules, with perhaps both a larger South



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Vietnamese and American commitment. At the moment, this seems to be the official administration line.

(3) "Conventionalize" the war by escalating it from a counterguerrilla operation in South Vietnam to full-size combat operations against North Vietnam and, if necessary eventually, Red China. This is the new "hard" line advocated by less cautious officials in Washington.

(4) Negotiate with the enemy—*not* from the present position of weakness but from a position of strength created out of a sober-minded appraisal of Communist weaknesses and western strength in the Far East as a whole. This alternative is often conveniently confused with the first option by those who fear that any settlement whatsoever would mean neutralization, followed by a Communist take-over.

IRONICALLY, the Communist planners in North Vietnam seem to agree on the alternatives. They were described to the North Vietnamese higher cadres in the January, 1964, issue of *Hoc Tap* ("Studies"), the North Vietnamese Communist Party's theoretical monthly, as follows:

"(1) The United States must withdraw from South Vietnam and let the South Vietnamese people settle their affairs by themselves.

"(2) The United States will introduce into South Vietnam hundreds of thousands of more troops and large quantities of arms, and apply new techniques to carry on the war for some more years.

"(3) The United States will broaden its present special war [i.e., counterinsurgency operations], and invade North Vietnam in an attempt to win victory in South Vietnam."

Needless to say, Hanoi has no reason to publicize the fourth option, which from its standpoint is the least desirable course for the United States to adopt; and for entirely different reasons, Washington seems to agree with Hanoi.

Of the four U.S. options, the first two are temptingly the simplest and may well be advocated by the same people at different times. It would appear that the first one was implied in McNamara's testimony released by the House Armed Services Committee on February 18, in which he reiterated his intention to pull out the bulk of the American advisers stationed in Vietnam by 1965 because "I don't believe that we as a nation should assume the primary responsibility for the war in South Vietnam. It is a counterguerrilla war, it is a war that can only be won by the Vietnamese themselves."

The text is not clear on whether 1965 is still considered a decisive cutoff date. But, presumably, if it is obvious by then that the South Vietnamese are not pulling their own weight militarily and politically, the

United States would simply get out of the war by refusing to increase its commitments while at the same time refusing to have any part of a negotiated settlement. That solution, it should be remembered, was in effect the course followed by the Eisenhower administration at the end of the French-Indochinese war in 1954. When it became obvious that the French would not or could not win the war as the Dienbienphu disaster took shape, Eisenhower, with the support of General Matthew Ridgway, then Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, prevailed over the counsel of Vice-President Nixon and Admiral Radford, who advocated the use of American troops to save the French in Indo-China. And the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles at the ensuing Geneva conference of April-July, 1954, steadfastly refused to sign "any treaty that makes anybody a slave."

In short, by refusing to accept a full measure of participation in the Geneva negotiations in 1954, the United States lost the opportunity to help shape the terms of the settlement and to use its power effectively in implementing the pact. Such an abdication of responsibility is of course unthinkable in 1964.

### Will We 'Escalate'?

The second option—winning the war under present ground rules—would entail, on the basis of experience in other such wars, either doubling the number of South Vietnamese men under arms to one million or putting in two or three American army corps (about 200,000 men, with all attached services). In either case, civilian counterinsurgency programs would also have to be increased by substantial financial aid. These troop figures are not pulled out of thin air. As has been shown, the present ratio of friendly vs. hostile fighters is 5 to 1. Experience from Malaya to Algeria to Cyprus has shown that in order to break even (let alone win) militarily, a ratio of at least 15 to 1 is required. As for the use of American fighting troops in constituted units rather than as isolated "advisers," it would probably give the South Vietnamese Army the same lift in morale it gave the South Korean troops in 1950. The argument that the presence of American field troops would give substance to Communist charges of American imperialism can be considered baseless—the Communists are using the argument anyhow, and even the popular French magazine *Paris-Match* recently termed that argument a "convention whose hypocrisy is only matched by its absurdity."

There remains the problem of feasibility. To double the number of armed Vietnamese would mean to boost American expenditures in Vietnam far over a billion dollars a year. It would also entail sending far more American advisers to the area. As for the alternative step of sending, say, six U.S. divisions to Vietnam, that would almost deplete the whole American strategic reserve, unless the draft is radically increased. What all this would do in terms of increased budget expenditures, the dollar gap, and mounting casualty lists can easily be guessed at. And, as the French demonstrated in Algeria or the British in Cyprus and Palestine, there is no ironclad guar-



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antee of victory even through the massive military approach.

To "ESCALATE" the Vietnamese war into a Korea-type operation extending into the North Vietnamese sanctuary, as outlined in Option No. 3, would combine the expenses of the second option with the tempting possibility of much quicker and greater rewards. North Vietnam is no longer the guerrilla country the French knew. Ho Chi Minh's régime now controls cities, builds industries and irrigation systems, runs railroads and airlines—all through the toil and sweat of the Vietnamese themselves over the past decade and the fairly large amounts of Soviet-bloc economic aid. All this provides very vulnerable conventional targets for American airpower. The rulers in Hanoi are fully aware of this and are obviously worried about it. I recall seeing unmuzzled anti-aircraft guns pointing skyward near industrial installations north of Hanoi in 1962; and Georges Chaffard, a reporter of *Le Monde*, recently noted similar anti-aircraft installations near the coastal city of Haiphong.

"We must be vigilant," said his North Vietnamese guide to him. "We're not at peace yet. The American aggressors fight against our brothers in the South and may well attack us here."

It is a matter of debate whether such an attack on the North Vietnamese heartland, the Red River Delta, would yield the desired dividends in terms of South Vietnamese pacification. As has been shown before, the Vietcong in South Vietnam do not depend to a very great extent upon North Vietnamese supplies and even less upon North Vietnamese manpower. If we expand the war to North Vietnam, we simply return to the French situation before 1954—assuming that Red China would not join the fray and expand the war even further. Furthermore, it is military idiocy to believe that the South Vietnamese Army, which cannot even hold on to major communication lines fifteen miles outside Saigon, could provide the backbone for a northern invasion. As in the case of Korea, where there also was an initial attempt to limit the American commitment to naval and air support, large American ground units would have to be thrown into the battle.

Such considerations doubtless explain the urgent attention Washington is now giving to the less risky proposition of mounting major guerrilla operations across the border against North Vietnam. This would not represent a wholly new departure. South Vietnamese saboteurs have been parachuted periodically into North Vietnam from U.S. aircraft, at least one of which was shot down. But the North Vietnamese régime is quite familiar with this kind of warfare, and with its pervasive police-state system has thus far succeeded in capturing most parachuted or infiltrated agents. There is an iron rule in the counterinfiltration business: it's pretty hard to do if one's own bases are penetrated—and in South Vietnam today hardly an airplane can take off without being immediately spotted by pro-Communist elements.

In short, a guerrilla operation in the north, designed to dry up the Ho Chi Minh Trail, has little likelihood of making a dent in operations in the Mekong Delta in time to be useful. But it would, in turn, give the Hanoi régime a good pretext for opening the floodgates for large-scale infiltration of the south, thus far kept in check by the almost but not quite dead International Control Commission left over from the 1954 Geneva cease-fire. And this, too, would return us to the French situation of a generalized war.

### Ho's 'Straight Zigzag Line'

Yet, carrying the war to North Vietnam in some form cannot be ruled out as a logical possibility. The North Vietnamese themselves, as evidenced in the previously cited *Hoc Tap* article, consider such a situation a distinct possibility, up to and including the use of nuclear weapons by the United States.

In fact, much has been made in recent weeks about statements from Hanoi that apparently reject almost any kind of peaceable solution except on its own terms, thus justifying the position of the bitter-enders in the United States who see salvation only in Option 2 or 3. Another interpretation of the *Hoc Tap* articles is that Ho Chih Minh's régime now has definitively thrown in its lot with Peking and is willing to pursue the war against South Vietnam no matter how great the risk.

A careful reading of the whole article and subsequent comments from Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow makes this far from crystal clear. The North Vietnamese prose is just as obscure as ever. For example, extracts rebroadcast by Peking contain the following passage:

"Taking strategic offense against the enemy does not mean pursuance of an adventurist policy by the socialist camp to eliminate imperialism by means of a world war, nor the start of armed uprisings and revolutionary wars to eliminate imperialism by the people of capitalist countries before a situation favorable to imminent revolution has emerged."

And in the next paragraph, the Hanoi text speaks of making "strategic attacks on the enemy politically" rather than through outright military operations. To be sure, the text pays obeisance to the Peking line condemning co-operation with "U.S. imperialism" as an "illusion," but another key text published on January 21 in the Vietnamese Communist Party's official newspaper *Nhan Dan* ("Humanity") also condemns "dogmatism and sectarianism," which are the sins Moscow accuses Peking of. In other words, Hanoi may well prefer to pursue what a knowledgeable British diplomat once called a "straight zigzag line" between its Communist masters. As for the struggle of the Vietcong guerrillas in South Vietnam, *Hoc Tap* warned that their war



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would be "long, hard, *self-supporting* [my italics], but . . . certainly victorious." To be sure, all the Communist powers have stressed the point that any attack against North Vietnam might bring Red China, and possibly the Soviet Union, into the fight, but that is neither new nor particularly revealing. In simple terms, Hanoi does not now seem keenly interested in escalating the war in South Vietnam to the point where it would have to provide the real estate for a slugging match between Red China and the United States; the more so as the Vietcong in South Vietnam seem to be doing reasonably well on a "self-supporting" basis.

**Room to Maneuver?**

All this leaves ample room for maneuver around the fourth option: negotiating a settlement from a position of strength. Over the last few years Hanoi has substantially lowered its sights: where it once insisted on early reunification as its minimum goal, it is now prepared to acknowledge the temporary existence of two Vietnams as separate states with "separate social systems." In fact, some French observers, notably Chaffard, assert that there is even a difference of view on the subject between Hanoi and the Vietcong civilian arm, the Southern Liberation Front, with the latter apparently willing to be even more accommodating to the West. This perhaps explains the unequivocal admission made by Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu to the right-wing Paris weekly *Candide* of February 13 that her husband had indeed been negotiating with the Communists—but not via the French and not with Hanoi, but with the Liberation Front on the spot. His motive was "to seek ways to bring them back into the fold," says Mme. Nhu, but in all likelihood Nhu had concluded that a coalition government was the only way out of the military cul-de-sac.

It is also noteworthy that Hanoi recently disinterred the long-dead Geneva Agreement and asked for its "correct implementation" as a means of settling the "South Vietnam issue." The suggestion is disingenuous on the face of it. The application of an agreement that the United States never signed scarcely offers an acceptable solution to the present problem, and preachment from Hanoi about "correct implementation" would seem to exceed even Communist standards of cynicism. Nevertheless, the suggestion opens up interesting possibilities. For the Geneva Agreement, it will be recalled, allowed the presence of over six hundred American advisers, the number there at the time of the cease-fire. It also provided for two Vietnamese zones that would not be tied to any power bloc. All this suggests that Hanoi has not entirely made up its mind as to what it wants, or how to go about getting it without a major war.

Another area for maneuver favorable to the West centers on Red China's present weaknesses, both economic and military. The Chinese have had to get along for quite a while without Soviet spare parts and maintenance help. To supply, say, twenty Chinese divisions southward across Yunnan's chaotic terrain would by no means be as easy as it was to supply Chinese People's Volunteers in Korea from the excellent Manchurian rail and road net and from nearby Soviet supply depots. Finally, there is the handicap of two thousand years of Vietnamese distrust of the Chinese. The North Vietnamese in particular still recall with a shudder their VJ-Day "liberation" by the Yunnanese hordes.

THE UNITED STATES has other valuable cards to play. For one, South Vietnam has the surplus rice Hanoi needs. For another, while a major guerrilla offensive from North Vietnam would simply face Saigon with more of the same, a "counter-escalation" by the United States of the war into North Vietnam, even if confined to one single saturation raid, could destroy the fruits of eight years' fighting against the French and ten years' backbreaking labor since 1954. To be sure, Chinese planes might appear in North Vietnamese skies the next day, but that would be small consolation to North Vietnamese leaders surrounded by devastation. In short, Hanoi cannot really afford a total "victory" in South Vietnam if the price is the destruction of its own economic base, for that would bring about total dependence on Red China. Furthermore, every new Communist military success along the Mekong may speed the day of both American and Chinese intervention in North Vietnam. This is a paradox that Hanoi will find hard to escape, unless it is willing to accept far less than its present demands.

The United States has yet another trump: whether to push Hanoi into Peking's hands or allow it to retain or even improve its present "straight zigzag line" is largely an American decision to make. A normalization of trade relations between the two Vietnams—bringing southern foodstuffs and rubber northward and northern minerals and manufactured goods southward—would allow Hanoi to depend less on China and to adopt a policy of national self-determination within the Communist bloc. That Moscow cannot do, but Washington can.

When all is said and done, the real



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American deterrent to Chinese military intervention in Vietnam is not the 15,000-odd American advisers wading around in the jungles of South Vietnam in search of an ever-elusive enemy (only two hundred out of a total of 3,450 weekly operations in South Vietnam make any enemy contact at all) but the U.S. Seventh Fleet with its aircraft carriers. That force can be brought to bear on the Vietnamese situation at any time as long as even a small American "tripwire" exists in South Vietnam. That deterrent has worked effectively on the Chinese at Quemoy and Taiwan. There is no reason to believe that it could not be used effectively in a Vietnamese settlement.

What special advantages might accrue from this fourth option? First, it would buy time for South Vietnam to establish at least some sort of durable political structure and to strengthen an economy ravaged by more than a decade of civil war. This sort of reconstruction, impossible under Option 2 or 3, offers the only sound defense against the inroads of Communist subversion, which can be expected to remain a major threat to the country for years to come. Second, a settlement based not on an abdication of our responsibility but on a determined application of our power and influence in the area would permit the West to increase North Vietnamese independence of Red China in exchange for an end to the guerrilla warfare, thus barring Red China from its most convenient avenue of domination of Southeast Asia. And third, it would disengage the United States from a secondary theatre of conflict that now absorbs an ever-increasing share of our resources and attention, but would not weaken our ability to save South Vietnam from outside subversion. Force could always be brought to bear on short notice should North Vietnam violate the terms of the settlement and challenge the U.S. guarantees that would necessarily underwrite it.

There must be negotiation and settlement sooner or later, unless the Johnson administration wishes to leave the Vietnamese war in what has been called the shadowland between unattainable victory and unacceptable surrender.

# Chou En-lai and the Watusi

**CLAIRE STERLING**

USUMBURA, BURUNDI

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT last month, the obscure little African kingdom of Burundi suddenly attracted world attention. It got no more than a glance, since what interested the international press was not so much the panic-stricken Watusi refugees fleeing into Burundi as the slaughter of ten or twenty thousand other Watusi tribesmen in the adjoining state of Rwanda. That episode having been noted and deplored, Burundi has dropped back into an oblivion it doesn't quite deserve.

Certainly Burundi hasn't many claims to distinction. Never much of a prize in colonial days—the Belgians got little out of it and put correspondingly little into it—this former Trust Territory attained nationhood in 1962 with no towns except the capital at Usumbura, no newspapers, no more than 750 miles of paved road (for an area of eleven thousand square miles), no resources, and no cash crops other than a few thousand tons of coffee and cotton. The principal support for its 2.5 million inhabitants was a yearly $4-million subsidy grudgingly provided by Belgium. Nevertheless, Burundi is apparently about to acquire a future. In its search for a frugal way to penetrate Africa, China has been looking for fledgling states that might be bought or rented cheaply: small, helplessly indigent, politically inchoate, and strategically placed. Zanzibar, twenty miles off the East African coast, was first on the list. Burundi, wedged between East Africa and the huge, stormy former Belgian Congo, appears to be next.

On the face of it, Rwanda might seem a more likely arena for the excercise of Chinese influence. Burundi, after all, is not only a monarchy; its reigning monarch, the Mwami Mwambutsa IV, comes from a race of aristocrats, the Watusi, surely the most haughty and elegant people in Africa—who had held the more backward Bahutu of both Rwanda and Burundi in hereditary bonded serfdom for five hundred years. But in Rwanda the Watusi were overthrown by a bloody revolution in 1959, their Mwami, Kigeri V, has been exiled, and the underdog Bahutu are at last on top. As it happens, however, the Bahutu of Rwanda are on the best of terms with their former Belgian rulers, the Catholic Church, and the West in general, and have written a strong anti-Communist clause into their constitution. On the other hand, the royalist Watusi are incorrigible leftists. Their parties—the Unar in Rwanda, the Uprona in Burundi—are ultranationalist, neutralist, anti-Belgian, anti-Catholic, anti-western, and shot through with Communist infiltrators; the exiled Mwami Kigeri has long been on Peking's pension list; and the Mwami Mwambutsa's followers in Burundi have been intimately friendly with such impeccable African anti-colonialists as Nkrumah, Ben Bella, Nasser, and the late Patrice Lumumba.

It is not so surprising, therefore, that China should have considered



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Burundi the more eligible of the two small African states, or that it should have taken up the cause of the lordly Watusi even though the Bahutu of Burundi are—as in Rwanda—eighty-five per cent of the population. While the two tribes hate each other in Burundi too, their hatred is not so murderous as it is across the border; and recent events have demonstrated that the Watusi cause can be exploited very profitably indeed.

THE ROLE of Red Chinese operatives in setting the stage for the latest appalling Watusi massacre in Rwanda is a matter of lively speculation in Central Africa. From the time the exiled Watusi King Kigeri of Rwanda settled in Kenya, he had been receiving money and encouragement from Peking; and for nearly two years the unobtrusive Kao Liang, officially a correspondent for the New China News Agency in Tanganyika, had been spending months at a time (and reportedly quite a bit of money) in Burundi among the twenty-one thousand Watusi refugees who flocked here after the first Rwanda massacre in 1959. He is said to have been particularly close to the "Inyenzi," the Watusi guerrilla force based in Burundi. Never reconciled to their loss of power, three thousand Watusi, armed with twenty-five hundred spears and twenty rifles, last November marched toward the Rwanda frontier, only to be turned back by the Burundi gendarmerie. Curiously, however, there were no gendarmes around on December 21, when a smaller Watusi band set out with similar intentions and swept across the frontier to within twelve miles of Rwanda's capital, Kigali.

The alarm of the Bahutu leaders in Kigali may easily be imagined. Their thousand-man army was in utter disarray and down to its last few rounds of ammunition, and there were repeated reports of other raids being organized among the forty thousand Watusi refugees in Uganda, the twelve thousand in Tanganyika, and the sixty thousand in the Congo's disordered Kivu Province. Eleven such raids were actually executed in the next few weeks. With the help of seventeen Belgian military advisers on the spot and three thousand tons of ammunition flown in from Europe, the Rwanda government quickly pulled itself together. There followed one of the most brutal reprisals in modern history.

No one really knows how many of the 250,000 Watusi in Rwanda were killed during this operation, which lasted more than a month: the Rwanda government's figure is 750, while the World Council of Churches puts it closer to twenty thousand. But eyewitness reports from missionaries give a picture of unspeakable horror. One missionary tells of Bahutu troops hacking the breasts of a Watusi woman and, as she lay dying, forcing the dismembered parts down the throats of her children before her eyes. Others tell of bodies floating down rivers red with blood. Many confirm the planned nature of these reprisals: the assignment of each Rwanda cabinet minister to his own district to direct operations; the government order on January 4 forbidding missionaries to give the Watusi asylum on pain of death (several missionaries defied the order, and were executed); the sealing off

of Rwanda's frontiers to prevent the Watusi's escape and their rounding up into camps where they were either left to die of hunger, tossed to the crocodiles, or shot, beaten, or hacked to death.

### The Worldwide Guilt

If Chinese agents helped to bring on this tragedy by inciting Watusi warriors to a suicidal attack, they were not alone. Egyptians, Algerians, and Ghanaians, for instance, had also financed and trained "Inyenzi" agitators in the hope of toppling Rwanda's reactionary Bahutu régime—and moral responsibility was practically worldwide. Neither the Belgians nor the Catholic prelates in Rwanda fully used their very considerable influence on its devoutly Catholic premier, Grégoire Kayibanda, to stop the month-long massacre. Not a single African state except Burundi raised a voice in protest. Not a word came from any other nation, western or eastern. Above all, not a finger was raised by the United Nations, under whose official tutelage the trusteeship region of Rwanda was given its independence. Although U.N. Secretary General U Thant sent his assistant Max Dorsinville to Kigali twice during the massacre, his conclusion after reading Dorsinville's reports—which are still unpublished—was that it was an internal matter for Rwanda that did not permit U.N. intervention. He confined himself to writing Premier Kayibanda a letter urging restraint.

It is characteristic of present-day Africa that even in a case where virtually everyone concerned was guilty, only the West should have been singled out for blame. The Burundi government, for example, has yet to mention the provocative role played by Chinese (or Egyptian or Algerian) agents in the whole affair. In fact, it chose the very day of the Watusi raid on Rwanda to recognize Red China. What is more, while the Burundi assembly formally castigated Rwanda's Premier Kayibanda as "the Nero of Africa," its sharpest criticism was reserved for "imperialism, colonialism, and neo-colonialism . . . which revolts the conscience of African nationalists and provokes the death of so many innocent people." Though rarely able to agree on anything, the assembly unanimously demanded the summary expulsion of American, British, French, and Belgian diplomats from Burundi. The harassed Premier Pierre Ngandandumwe compromised by simply forbidding all these diplomats to undertake any travel outside the capital.

That is not all the Chinese have gained from the troubles in Burundi. On December 31, Premier Kayibanda announced that Rwanda was not only breaking off diplomatic relations with Burundi but was also withdrawing from the customs union, the monetary union, the joint central bank, and the joint coffee board that were to have made the two territories at least potentially viable. While this has reduced both to a still more piteous state of weakness and



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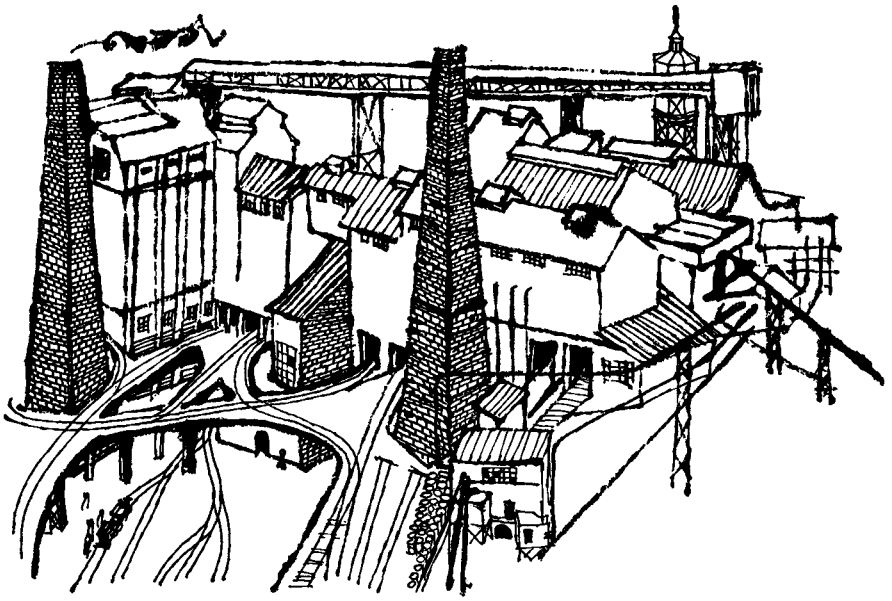
isolation, it is Burundi that stands to suffer the more. Rwanda still has western friends who, despite their momentary embarrassment, can probably be counted on for help. Burundi, already too broke to meet next month's government payroll but shrilly defiant of the imperialist West, can only turn to the other Pan-African states, or the Soviet Union, or China.

SINCE MOST African states are nearly as indigent as Burundi, several politicians in Usumbura are looking hopefully toward Moscow, being aware that China is not likely to be a good provider. Chou En-lai's game is to fish in the troubled waters of Central Africa, not to subsidize the shaky economies of such states as Burundi. He prefers the discreet passage of relatively small sums into influential hands, relying on the recipients to bring their governments into line by blocking all political exits. A plan like that might take time. But time, at least, is something Chou En-lai has plenty of.

Assuming that he eventually succeeds in his plans for Burundi, one might legitimately ask where that would get him. The answer is not merely that he would be within short-wave transmitter distance of Tanganyika and Kenya, both of which are showing serious signs of political decomposition; he is already installing such a transmitter in Zanzibar, where the foreign minister of the new revolutionary régime, Sheik Abdul Rahman ("Babu") Mohamed, a former correspondent of the Hsinhua press agency, is a Peking protégé. What is more important is that he would be within arm's reach of the Congo, whose frightful difficulties are once again throwing a shadow over the whole African continent. A major source of these difficulties is Peking-trained Pierre Mulele, whose death-dealing "Jeunesse" bands now control a third of Kwilu Province—and who is reportedly about to expand his operations to Kivu Province, scarcely a stone's throw from Burundi's western border. If it is reassuring to think of Chou En-lai struggling in the bogs of Burundi politics and finances, it is somewhat less so to think of him sitting in Mulele's map room.

## AT HOME & ABROAD



# Pearson's Progress

***A report from Canada after a year of Liberal government***

**WILLIAM H. HESSLER**

OTTAWA

AFTER six years of temporizing and indecision under the Conservative régime of John Diefenbaker, the Liberals have again been given a chance—but only a chance—to govern Canada. The new prime minister, Lester B. Pearson, will need all those characteristics of skill, dedication, and energy which he brought to United Nations diplomacy and which earned him the Nobel Peace Prize if his eleven-month-old administration is to find practical answers to the country's most stubborn problems:

¶ Canada must somehow expand its export trade and sustain its high living standard without the large budget deficits of recent years or the far larger annual influx of foreign capital that have concealed its adverse balance of payments and placed the ownership of more than half of Canada's industrial plant in foreign hands.

¶ Canada must continue to improve its relations with the United States.

¶ Canada must improve the constitutional and psychological relationship with its French-Canadian component or risk the possible partition of the country.

THE PRIME MINISTER confronts this awesome agenda at the head of a weak central government that is in the minority in parliament and overshadowed in the provinces. This is a period of strong provincial premiers, forceful men who know what they want and how to get it. And there is no national party system that gives the prime minister of the Confederation any real discipline over these provincial chieftains. There is no comparing the ten provinces of Canada with the fifty American states. As often as not, a provincial leader rather than the prime minister controls the destiny of a national issue. This is especially true of Quebec and Ontario,



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the giants of the ten. One would have to imagine the governors of New York and Pennsylvania as leaders of sixty-three per cent of the U.S. population (that would be some 120 million people), and in absolute control of their legislatures in order to translate into U.S. terms the effect of a joint demand upon Ottawa by Jean Lesage of Quebec and John Robarts of Ontario, when, as sometimes happens, they want the same thing.

Pearson's Liberal Party is four seats short of a majority in the House of Commons, and is always at the mercy of the few Social Credit members who hold the balance of power but who usually side with the Liberals. The reason is of interest to Americans. On January 30, 1963, the State Department issued a bluntly worded press release correcting and indeed reprimanding Prime Minister Diefenbaker for his attitude about accepting nuclear weapons. His government was already close to breaking up, and the result was the immediate defeat of the Tory régime and new elections ahead of schedule. The Canadian people's anger against the United States cooled quickly, but they nursed their indignation long enough to block a really definitive Liberal victory. The Liberals probably would have won twenty to thirty more seats had Washington kept silence. The Canadians thus wound up with what they wanted least—another minority government. A large part of the blame for this must go to the United States.

Although it has only 129 seats (a majority is 133), the Pearson government may last a long time without new elections. This is because the Canadian people are even more tired of elections than of minority governments, and because the opposition is split four ways. Diefenbaker's Progressive-Conservatives have 95 seats, the New Democratic Party 17, Robert N. Thompson's Social Credit faction 11, and Réal Caouette's Social Credit faction 13. Only if all members of the four opposition groups voted together could Pearson be defeated in the House. And the four groups are not one big happy family.

The Pearson government tried, without proper research or political preparation, to solve so many problems in its first sixty days that it nearly met disaster. The worst blunder was a head-on budgetary effort to stop the foreign acquisition of Canadian industries by means of a thirty per cent take-over tax. That notion was transparently impractical, and the budget had to be recast. Soon afterward, President Kennedy countered by proposing an interest-equalization measure that would have cut off the export of certain important types of U.S. investment capital. Although the proposal has not yet been enacted, and even though exceptions to ease the pain for Canada were promised by Washington, the proposed legislation has remained a threat and has disrupted the flow of such funds—reminding Canadians of their vulnerability to the economic policies of their powerful neighbor.

### A Soviet Reprieve

The budget debacle got the Pearson cabinet off to a bad start with the first of its four great problems—the economic one. Fortunately, Canada's general position in foreign trade was good, largely because of the devaluation of the currency in the spring of 1962, fixing the Canadian dollar at 92.5 cents U.S. This foresighted move greatly reduced imports and stimulated exports (some only temporarily), and it had the effect of a subsidy for Canadian manufacturers. The major result has been to reduce drastically the chronic adverse international balance: instead of importing $1 to $1.5 billion of new capital annually to cover the excess of imports, the country now has to import only about $500 million. Even so, it is freely admitted in Ottawa that the psychological effect of the proposed U.S. equalization measure would have driven Canada into a major crisis had it not been for the windfall Soviet purchase of 247 million bushels of wheat, the largest single sale of wheat in Canada's history.

Rarely has a single commercial transaction done so much to bail out a government and its economy. The wheat deal brought international payments fairly near balance for the year. It greatly brightened the image of the Liberal Party and government in the prairie provinces where it has been weakest. (Of 129 Liberal seats, 99 are from Ontario and Quebec, only three are from the prairie provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba.) And it brought a burst of prosperity to railways, shipping lines, and flour mills. As it happened, the 1963 wheat crop, over 700 million bushels, was the greatest in its history by 20 million bushels, and it was of unusually good quality. A totally unmanageable surplus was in prospect with such a bumper crop added to a 500-million bushel carry-over from 1962. Canada consumes only 150 million bushels, but with normal sales to old customers, substantial new sales to China and several Soviet satellites, and finally the huge sale to Moscow, Canada was able to market its entire 1963 crop at prices around $2 a bushel. More than once, in Toronto and Ottawa, I heard gleeful remarks to the effect that Canada's prosperity is assured until the Communist countries learn how to run farms.

The wheat sales are only a respite, to be sure, but for the first time in many years, Canada now seems to have the opportunity to diversify its economy and sustain its high living standard (third in the world, after the United States and Sweden), without going back to importing capital year after year and thus giving foreigners control of its industrial plant.

### The Yankee Question

Of the many irritants to U.S.-Canadian relations in the late 1950's and early 1960's, the most serious was the State Department and Pentagon resentment at Canada's prolonged failure to take delivery of nuclear bombs and warheads. Although he shared the nearly universal Canadian distaste for atomic weapons, Pearson said that if elected he would honor Canada's commitment to take them, and he did. The nuclear-weapons issue in Canada dissolved, and Pearson has thus been free to make progress on other points in his campaign to improve relations with the United States.

There are, however, many points of U.S.-Canadian friction, as there always will be between two countries whose economies and cultures overlap intricately and continuously. Finance Minister Walter Gordon's



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budget and President Kennedy's equalization tax are examples, even though the inflammatory parts of both have since been removed. There have been minor quarrels over Canadian and U.S. wheat sales overseas, but they are neither new nor serious. The two countries are primary competitors in the world market, and have different formulas for marketing their crops.

Periodically, Canada becomes alarmed over the "cultural invasion" by American television, radio, and national magazines. But the stakes are not large enough for this intrusion of alien tastes to become a crucial matter. And those who might resent it the most, the tradition-minded French Canadians, have the built-in protection of the language barrier.

Canadians long have resented the fact that some of their principal labor unions seem mere "subsidiaries" of U.S. labor unions. This simmering quarrel came into the open last year in connection with trouble on the Great Lakes waterfronts. But for a reason commonly overlooked, it did not poison either the relations of the two governments or their citizens. The reason is that for many purposes Canada and the United States are one country. The typical Canadian or American simply did not consider specific frictions involving labor or industry as problems of foreign policy.

In the brief tenure of the Pearson government, several steps toward better relations have been taken by both countries. In addition to speedy settlement of the nuclear-weapons feud, the twenty-year-old dispute over development of the water-power resources of the Columbia River Valley has been successfully negotiated. President Johnson's pocket veto of a bill to require the mark of origin on lumber imported from Canada—scarcely noticed by Americans—was prime news in Canada and gave Johnson a running start in the good graces of Canadians.

That leaves one more major item in U.S.-Canadian affairs: the wave of anti-American feeling that swept across Canada after the State Department's press release of January 30, 1963. It was a clear case of direct interference in Canada's internal politics, made at a moment when the Ottawa government was uniquely vulnerable to pressure. Leaders of all Canadian political parties instinctively closed ranks in response. Canada, they all agreed, should be governed from Ottawa, not from Washington.

A year ago, indignation against Washington was nearly universal; today there is no trace of it. Apparently the election campaign convinced the Canadian people that Diefenbaker was wrong and the State Department was right on the facts in dispute. This does not mean Canadians consider the State Department's intervention justified. But they appear to have forgiven and forgotten.

Inevitably, more quarrels are in store. One will relate to Canada's tireless and ingenious efforts to tax U.S.-made automobiles out of the Canadian market in favor of locally manufactured cars. Another feud will come up whenever the United States tries again to remedy its imbalance of international payments at Canada's expense. The Canadians have always bought far more than they have sold in the U.S. market, and therefore feel they have been helping us to balance our international account and should not be penalized for it.

A much more serious quarrel—an old one with real emotional overtones—could boil up almost any day over Communist China. Most Canadians favor establishing normal diplomatic relations with Peking. Ottawa has stuck to non-recognition only to avoid friction with Washington. Now that France has recognized China, however, and now that France and Canada are on closer political and economic terms, Ottawa is apt to take another look at a policy that seems to express American emotionalism rather than to serve Canada's interests. This is all the more likely now that Peking has become a major customer for Canadian wheat. These are all secondary quarrels, however. Pearson and his colleagues are determined that none shall be allowed to interrupt the steady strengthening of Canadian-American friendship. And so far they have done pretty well on this score.

The third of Pearson's primary problems—French Canada's discontent—is by all odds the most critical, the most stubborn, and the most heavily loaded with emotional factors. Success or failure in dealing with this problem may determine whether by 1970, or even by 1967, the Confederation's centennial year, there is to be one Canada or two. Independence for Quebec may snowball into an irresistible force unless bold and imaginative steps are taken to meet at least the minimum aspirations of the Québecois.

### The Two Canadas

After almost a century of Canadian independence, French Canadians feel themselves to be aliens, or at any rate second-class citizens, in their homeland. Canada purports to be a bilingual country, yet only about one per cent of Canadians outside the French-speaking community speak both languages. At Ottawa, a French-speaking official in the Justice Department, for example, cannot simply reply in French to a letter written in French by a French-Canadian citizen. The letter must be translated into English, an English reply drafted, and then a French translation of the English letter may be sent out. Some departments of government at the federal level are conducted almost wholly in English. And English prevails in all departments at the cabinet level.

Although they are thirty per cent of the population, French Canadians hold only thirteen per cent of the higher federal civil-service posts. In business life the disparity is still greater. About five per cent of corporate directorships in Canada as a whole are held by French Canadians. Even in French Canada, most of the major industrial and mercantile concerns are owned and operated by Anglo-Canadians. Many, perhaps most, of the employees may be French Canadians; but they are the skilled and unskilled workers, the clerks, the service employees. At the executive level, one almost never hears French spoken, or, for that matter, English with a French-Canadian accent.

The disparity shows dramatically in employment and income figures. Quebec has 27.3 per cent of the country's labor force, but its share of the total of unemployed is now around thirty-seven per cent. And neighbor-



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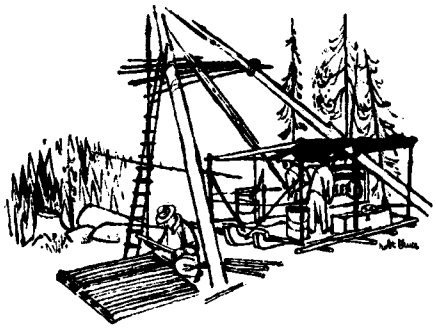
ing Ontario, the heart of industrial Canada, with thirty-seven per cent of the labor force, has only about twenty-five per cent of the unemployed. Furthermore, a number of Ontario's unemployed are French Canadians who have drifted over from Quebec hoping to find factory work. As for income, the per capita income of Canada as a whole is nearly nineteen per cent higher than Quebec's, while Ontario's is 36.3 per cent higher. Not many citizens of Quebec could quote those statistics, but all of them are grimly aware of the basic story they tell. They are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and they know it.

It surely annoys a French Canadian traveling in Manitoba to be asked if his children actually speak French at home. It is infuriating when, as a guest in a home in English Canada, he carelessly commences to talk in French and is abruptly asked by his hostess to "talk white." And it rankles, if the French Canadian happens to work for one of Canada's Crown corporations—publicly owned and answerable to the whole Canadian people—to discover that the same barriers met in private business exist in these public enterprises.

Not long ago, the head of the Canadian National Railways, Donald Gordon, was asked why he did not have a French Canadian on his board of directors. Gordon is by nature straightforward. He replied that all he looked for was competence, and he could find no qualified French Canadians. After Gordon had been thoroughly excoriated in the French-language press and then hanged in effigy by outraged students at Montreal, the controversy was dropped into Pearson's lap, since Gordon was up for reappointment. The prime minister reappointed Gordon, but only after making certain that a French Canadian would be put on the board of directors at once and that CNR's closed door against French Canadians in the executive ranks would be opened and left open.

Education is at the root of one aspect of the problem. A good working knowledge of English is essential in the banks, business houses, and civil services of a country close to seventy per cent English-speaking. But English has been miserably taught in French Canada. In fact, its whole educational setup is grossly inadequate and antiquated. The province of Quebec has had compulsory schooling, on paper, only since 1943; in practice, the 1943 law has been broadly effective only from 1961. There simply are not enough properly trained or educated French Canadians to fill the tens of thou-



sands of public and private positions they would be entitled to on the basis of their proportion of the population.

After British military forces on the Plains of Abraham eliminated the political authority of France in Canada in 1759, the French-speaking population reacted as any weak and impoverished minority usually does. It withdrew into a self-imposed isolation, hoping to survive with its own language, religion, and culture. It has survived. But in doing so it became a backward rural peasantry, cut off from normal participation in the national life.

In recent years, mechanization of farming has driven great numbers of young French Canadians into the cities where they discover the handicaps of inferior education and lack of command of English. Radio and television enable villagers to hear something more than what the parish priest had to say. And in the Catholic Church itself profound changes have occurred. From the priests and lay teachers on the social science faculty of Laval University, at Quebec City, has emerged a powerful progressive movement that is now a vigorous force in the political life of what had been a moribund province. Earlier, the French forces centered on Maurice Duplessis, the quasi-fascist boss of the province, who led them to the dead end of negative de facto separatism. After his death in 1959, Duplessism collapsed and many of the French-Canadian voters drifted to the Social Credit faction led by the demagogue Réal Caóuette. Now these forces are realigning, and the Liberal Party is getting a good share. But the main body of Québecois have yet to settle on a stable political orientation.

Jean Lesage, the extroverted premier of Quebec Province, makes up in his flair for politics for a lack of intellectual attainments and theories. He has gathered up the pieces of the Duplessis machine, cleaned out the graft, and built a strong provincial régime. A year ago, Canadians from Halifax to Vancouver were talking of Lesage as a future prime minister of Canada. But that talk has faded, for Lesage is too deeply committed to his province. He needs money in unprecedented sums—for schools, for teachers, for the ministry of education his province never has had but will get this year, and for highways to bring rural Quebec into the twentieth century. This desperate need for revenue and capital has thrust him into direct conflict with Ottawa. Federal and provincial authorities have compromised with a formula that gives Quebec about $50 million more a year from federal tax revenues, but Lesage will need still more money.

### A 'French Lieutenant'

Fortunately, the urgent needs of the Liberal Party and those of the Canadian nation coincide closely. To rebuild Liberal strength in the country, Pearson must recover for his party the allegiance of Quebec, which in the past was the key to Liberal ascendancy. And to keep Canada from pulling apart at its linguistic seams, it is equally necessary to restore the dialogue between English and French Canada. Pearson must somehow create the conditions —fiscal, constitutional, psychological —in which French Canadians can feel they are first-class citizens. Yet all this cannot be done simply by a stream of concessions to Quebec. For that—in a time when the provinces already are too strong to permit a healthy federal-provincial relationship—would invite the criticism, already leveled by Diefenbaker, that the prime minister was selling out



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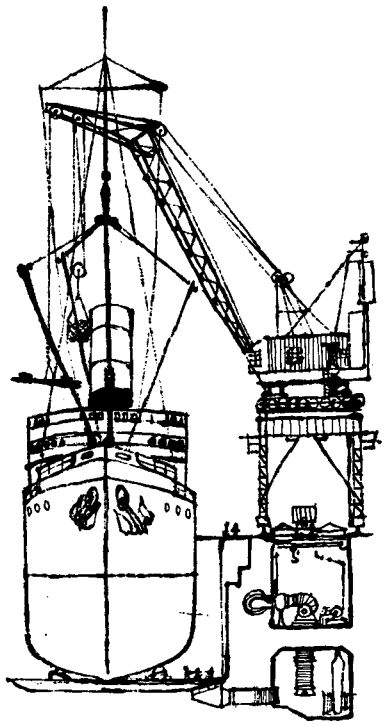
Canadian national unity by a policy of appeasing Quebec.

There are three broad areas in which the Pearson government can work to temper the alienation of Quebec and the million French Canadians who live in other provinces. One is to extend bilingualism and otherwise remove language as a divisive force. Another is to reallocate the country's revenues and by some other means enable Quebec to finance its ambitious plans for new schools, highways, utilities, and the like. The third is to find and then build up the "French lieutenant" that every successful English-speaking prime minister must have—and without which the government cannot exercise leadership in both the nations that are Canada. This last can be done only if Pearson can create a climate in which Quebec's ablest and most ambitious political figures will *want* to go to Ottawa, not to Quebec City, to build their careers.

In the realm of language and cultural barriers, a polished, knowledgeable French Canadian, Lionel Chevrier, has been named High Commissioner to London—a post ranking with the ambassadorship at Washington in prestige and importance. Ten French Canadians serve in the twenty-six-member cabinet, seven of the ten from Quebec Province. The commitment to open higher places in the Canadian National Railways to French Canadians sets a pattern for a nondiscrimination policy in all Crown corporations. And these examples tend to affect privately owned business, especially in Quebec, where several major industrial and utility concerns have appointed French Canadians to boards of directors or vice presidencies in recent months. Another move, which caused criticism as well as commendation, was the conversion of two government radio stations, one in Toronto, from English to French.

Superficially, Pearson's easiest remedial action might seem to "bilingualize" the civil services. But there are not enough bilingual individuals with the requisite abilities and experience to staff all the federal administrative services. There are plenty of bilingual French Canadians—maybe two million all told—but few of them have adequate training, and there are even fewer English Canadians who speak adequate French. Conversion of the civil services to bilingualism will be at best a tedious and frustrating task.

The most important of all Pearson's moves in this category was the establishment of a Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism. There are ten members—four French Canadians, four English Canadians, and two "new" Canadians, all of them bilingual—and they will explore fully all the problems that come up in a country of two languages and cultures; they will take voluminous testimony, initiate research studies, and eventually make



specific recommendations. In the meantime, the mere existence of the commission takes some of the pressure off the government.

The climate is much improved in English Canada for any changes in language habits. Middle- and upper-class Canadians of the English-speaking segments have "discovered" the new cultural and economic vitality of French Canada. They are coming to appreciate the enrichment that it can bring to the total culture of the country. Far more Canadians in Ontario and the western provinces are insisting that their children learn French, and learn it properly.

In the field of federal-provincial relations, progress is slow. At the Pearson administration's first confrontation with provincial officials last fall, serious friction was avoided by a modest increase in the provincial share of tax revenues. But this will not meet Quebec's exceptional need for more money. It is conceivable that some basic constitutional change will be necessary, one that recognizes the special position of Quebec and in effect, if not in form, gives French Canada a new sort of partnership with English Canada. In one of Pearson's recent speeches, a reference was made to "the two nations" that comprise Canada. This might mean he is thinking of a far-reaching revision of the federal-provincial relationship. But any big step in this direction is risky, for it could give Diefenbaker an opportunity to charge the government with undermining the Confederation.

In the final analysis, however, if the French Canadians are to be made an integrated and satisfied element in Canada, change must be accomplished by political action—by developing effective leadership among the French Canadians in favor of full participation in the national life. For only if the people of Quebec feel that the government in Ottawa is concerned with their interests will they abandon their sullen, negative solitude or their dreams of an independent French-Canadian state.

Pearson is bringing imagination and earnestness to this task. On his January visit to Paris he exploited Charles de Gaulle's self-imposed recent isolation from his British neighbors and created a refurbished Canadian-French entente, economic and financial as well as political and sentimental. Diplomacy of this sort can pay handsome dividends in the internal politics of a nation now ominously divided, even if it never turns up a franc of French investment capital for Canada.

More important is Pearson's quest for a French-speaking lieutenant at Ottawa—a partner rather than a subordinate, an alter ego who can virtually be *the* prime minister in the eyes of the French Canadians. He seems to have decided upon Guy Favreau, a Montreal lawyer and former minister of citizenship and immigration. Favreau was then moved up to the ministry of justice and has just become majority leader in the



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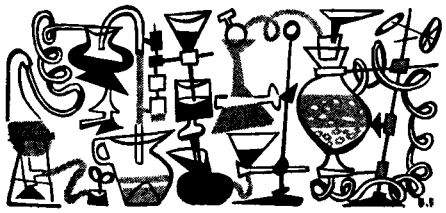
House of Commons. He is highly regarded in the House and in Ottawa generally. But has spent so much of his life in Ottawa that he doesn't have deep enough roots in the earthy politics of Quebec Province. Without these roots, it is hard for a Québecois in Ottawa to avoid the inevitable charge that he has either sold out or been taken in—because Ottawa, in the thinking of French Canadians, is the enemy camp. If Favreau can get enough credit in Quebec for whatever concessions are made to the province, he may overcome that handicap and stand a better chance of becoming the next prime minister. But he must not only combat the various nationalist groups in Quebec but also assert a hegemony over the respectable, efficient régime headed by Jean Lesage.

If Pearson is obliged for health or other reasons to step down before Favreau or some other French Canadian is thought ready for the leadership, he has at his elbow an exceptionally able and popular English-speaking stand-in, Mitchell Sharp. Sharp, the trade and commerce minister, has an excellent command of French and is also given credit in the popular mind for the Soviet wheat deal. If the Liberals have to choose more prime ministers from English Canada before a French Canadian is ready for the job, they have in Mitchell Sharp—a successful businessman, experienced civil servant, and proven politician—an altogether satisfactory candidate in reserve.

As he nears the end of a year in office, Lester Pearson appears to have a firm grip on his singularly difficult and challenging job, in spite of the handicap of a minority following in the House. After some initial fumbling, his cabinet has become an effective team. With improved U.S. relations and the invigorating financial effects of the Russian wheat sale, Pearson can now focus his superb powers of persuasion on the prime item of the Canadian agenda—the reconciliation with French Canada that has been needed ever since Montcalm and Wolfe had their sanguinary encounter in 1759. And that is all to the good, for the problem posed by French Canada is a full-time job.



# The High Cost of 'Fair Trade'

JULIUS DUSCHA

"The energy-demanding work of the family store," said Senator William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin), "virtually eliminates juvenile delinquency. The qualities of thrift, industry, and business sense are developed and nurtured in the family atmosphere."

Proxmire was one of sixteen members of Congress who paraded before the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee one day last spring to extol the virtues of small family-owned businesses. Watching the outpouring of praise with undisguised satisfaction was a powerful lobbyist, Philip F. Jehle, who as Washington representative for the National Association of Retail Druggists was helping stage the performance. The senators and representatives were arguing in the name of free enterprise for retail price-fixing legislation masquerading under the ingenious name of "quality stabilization act." It has nothing to do with guaranteeing quality.

The legislation would allow manufacturers to set retail prices for their goods. Merchants who reduced these prices could be prohibited from selling the products by the manufacturer. The bill thus would end most of the spirited competition of the discount stores that have done so much to hold the line on consumer prices.

The principal force behind the legislation is Jehle and the 36,000 corner druggists he represents. Most of them believe that they need to be protected by law against price competition if they are to continue to make profits. Members of Congress consider small-town druggists to be particularly influential community leaders with wide contacts, to such an extent that the leading opponent of the bill, Representative John D. Dingell (D., Michigan), told me he could think of only twenty congressmen "who aren't scared to death of it."

Behind Jehle and his druggists stand hardware merchants, jewelers and other small retailers, big drug companies (which supply much of the money for the lobbying), other large corporations, and Indiana industrialist John W. Anderson, who has half the nation's windshield-wiper market and has set up an organization called Quality Brands Associates to help lobby for price fixing. It solicits contributions of $5,000 to $10,000 from corporations, with the understanding that they will get a twenty-five per cent rebate if Congress fails to pass the legislation.

### Helpful Hands

Jehle and Norman Paige, who is Anderson's public-relations representative in Washington, not only round up witnesses for hearings, they also help finance political campaigns and stimulate streams of letters from back home. "I can always tell when there's been a druggists' convention in my state," one senator said to me, "by the way the mail pours in on this bill."

At one Senate hearing I attended, Jehle rushed in a Negro druggist to testify when the subcommittee handling the bill unexpectedly ran out of witnesses. The druggist argued that price fixing would help the civil-rights movement. At the same hearing, when Senator Vance Hartke (D., Indiana), chairman of the sub-



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committee and a supporter of the quality stabilization bill, placed a statement from Representative Chet Holifield (D., California) in the record, press agent Paige jumped up from his seat in the spectators' section of the room, rushed to the dais behind Hartke, grabbed a stack of the Holifield statement, and distributed them to the reporters covering the hearing. Holifield owns a small clothing store in California and backs price fixing.

Still another lobby for the bill is the Bureau for the Advancement of Independent Retailing, established by the druggists to help push price-fixing legislation through Congress. It gets much of its funds, which totaled $66,000 in a recent year, from the big drug companies, including Abbott Laboratories, Bauer & Black, Lederle Laboratories, Eli Lilly, Charles Pfizer, E. R. Squibb & Sons, and Vick Chemical.

Opposing the legislation are labor unions, consumer groups, women's clubs, some big retailers like Macy's, and discounters who are organized in the National Association of Mass Merchandisers. The discounters have also set up their own front group, the Committee for Competitive Prices, which retains the New York public-relations firm of Ruder & Finn.

But neither consumers nor discounters have the political power that the druggists have developed over the years. As a result, the price-fixing bill may come to a vote in both the Senate and the House this year. The House Commerce Committee has already approved the legislation, and it is now before the Rules Committee. A Senate Commerce subcommittee with a three-to-one majority for the measure has completed hearings and is expected to refer the bill to the full committee shortly.

"This is what we call a losers' bill up here," said a ranking Republican member of the House Commerce Committee who reluctantly supported the measure. "Whatever way you vote on it, you lose badly. If you vote for it, every housewife is on your neck. If you oppose it, you're called an enemy of small business. So we're all hoping the Rules Committee will keep this thing bottled up."

Whenever there is a showdown on price-fixing legislation, most members of Congress vote where the campaign contributions are. The druggists and manufacturers have learned to use their money where it does the most good. In 1962, for instance, they helped House Whip Hale Boggs (D., Louisiana) defeat John Schwegmann, a New Orleans discounter who tried to unseat him.

### Prices and Politics

It was Schwegmann's suit challenging the old fair-trade laws—the price-fixing ancestors of "quality stabilization"—that led in 1951 to a U.S. Supreme Court decision which in effect invalidated the key section of those laws. This section prohibited retailers from undercutting prices even if they had not signed pricing agreements with the manufacturer. Since the nonsigners were now relieved by the court decision from compliance with the state laws, a flurry of price wars ensued.

To supersede the court's decision, a year later Congress passed the McGuire Act, which granted the states the authority to compel nonsigners to comply with their fair-trade laws. Nevertheless, such laws have been invalidated by state courts or repealed by legislatures in twenty-four states since 1951. Only twenty-one states still have these laws, which were part of an effort by small businessmen during the 1930's and 1940's to stop the growth of chain stores and other large retailers. Thus the "quality stabilization act" would be the first Federal price-maintenance law.

With such a barrage of adverse court decisions, price-fixing attempts floundered for several years. The movement was not fully revived until early in 1962, when Jehle and Anderson agreed on the "quality stabilization" approach, which lets each manufacturer decide whether he wants to set retail prices for his products. Others who helped write the bill were Representative Oren Harris (D., Arkansas), chairman of the House Commerce Committee and a long-time advocate of retail price fixing; former Republican Senator Homer Capehart of Indiana, who has always been close to his state's powerful drug companies; and Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (D., Minnesota), a former pharmacist who worked in his father's Huron, South Dakota, drugstore during the depression years and once employed Jehle on the staff of a Senate Small Business subcommittee he headed.

Most manufacturers would like to control retail prices because the higher the profit potential, the more stores are likely to handle a product. Drug manufacturers have a particular interest in setting retail prices. Although the 1962 Kefauver drug bill requires generic names to be prominently displayed on packages and bottles containing drugs, most physicians still prescribe them by using their trademarked names. With price-fixing legislation, the drug companies could more easily set the prices for their own brands of common drugs. There are persistent reports that the liquor industry also is a big financial backer of the "quality stabilization" legislation, but only one distiller—Brown-Forman of Louisville—has publicly announced its support.

The most remarkable aspect of the progress the price fixers have made in Congress is that they have pushed their legislation a great distance despite the opposition of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. Seldom does legislation move on Capitol Hill without the support of the administration in power. Both Presidents opposed the quality stabilization bill because the whole thrust of anti-trust legislation during the last seventy-five years has been against price fixing at any level of the economy. But it is another question whether Johnson would veto the bill in an election year and risk the charge of being against small business by a lobby with such great influence.

Congressman Dingell, who survived an electoral challenge by the druggists in his Detroit district, maintains that "This lobby terrorized Congress." Jehle, a personable man who directs the campaign for the quality stabilization bill from a comfortable office in the heart of Washington's F Street shopping district, hardly looks or talks like a terrorist. But he is very much aware that 1964 is an election year for all members of the House, one-third of the senators, and the President.



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# Organizing the Old Folks

BARBARA CARTER

SEVEN or eight years ago, Walter Newburgher, a traveling salesman of children's clothes, retired. Until then he had rarely attended the meetings of District 65, Retail Wholesale and Department Store Union (RWDSU), AFL-CIO, to which he belongs. Today, however, this short, meticulously dressed man has become the very active chairman of the RWDSU's "Retired Members Local." He is also vice-chairman of the Congress of Senior Citizens of Greater New York, an organization that represents one hundred "clubs" for older people in the area. Since this, in turn, is a branch of the National Council of Senior Citizens, it puts a union man in the upper echelons of an organization representing more than a million and a half elderly people throughout the country. "My job was much easier before I retired," Newburgher said recently, for Newburgher (*ret.*) now spends his days either managing his local's affairs down at union headquarters or in Washington at meetings with congressmen, secretaries, and even Presidents. In January, he was among a group of older leaders invited to see President Johnson as well as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Anthony J. Celebrezze; and when he testified before the House Ways and Means Committee in favor of the King-Anderson (Medicare) bill, he was accompanied by a delegation of 150 elderly New Yorkers whose round trip had been paid for by the quarters, dimes, and nickels collected from thousands of older residents who stayed behind.

Few unions are as aware of the "opportunities"—the word is Jack Ossofsky's, retirement director for District 65—presented by their retired people as is the RWDSU. "They're retired workers, not retired members," Ossofsky said recently. "They have their own local. They elect their own shop stewards on a neighborhood basis, and they send fully accredited delegates to our conventions and executive council meetings."

Does that mean they sit in on strike votes? he was asked. "Well, we encourage them to," he replied, "but as a practical matter, they don't. They think it's up to the working members of each local to decide that for themselves." Ossofsky draws a distinction between "the fluff and the stuff of life," and while he is pleased with the various recreational and social activities that the union has to offer its older members—everything from guitar playing and knitting lessons to a show about burlesque—he seems primarily concerned with more meaningful activities. "We don't believe in killing time. There isn't enough of it," said Ossofsky, but he is only thirty-eight.

WHAT the retired workers of District 65 have been doing with their time is quite interesting. Some have full-time jobs on the board of the District's credit union, a savings and loan co-operative that is of special benefit to the union's Negro and Puerto Rican members who otherwise would have difficulty in getting loans at such low interest rates. Others have served on election committees or been called on for advice by grievance committees when there are internal disputes and shop problems. A number have been of signal use in recruitment drives, making door-to-door calls on potential members. An impressive example of their activity occurred several years ago at a branch of Bloomingdale's department store in Stamford, Connecticut. "I remember that store so well," Ossofsky said. "It is on a rise of land, surrounded by an open parking lot, and the wind there cut through you like a knife." The union picketed the store for a whole year, and every day a committee from the retired members' local served their stint in line regardless of the weather.

Other unions are beginning to show interest in their retired members. Last September, 165 trade-union representatives attended a conference to discuss ways to organize their retired members. An Iron Workers local has started a club for retirees, the Fur Workers Joint Board has set up a day center for them, and the Transport Workers Local 100 and Local 6 of the typographers' union have formed pensioners' groups. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, in conjunction with the New York City Welfare Department, is making headway with its retired members' center, and similar plans are afoot among the Electrical Workers and the Hotel Trades Council. The pioneers in the movement, however, were the United Auto Workers and the United Steelworkers, who, under Chuck Odell and Jim O'Brien, had some time ago set up staffs devoted exclusively to their retired members. Odell, O'Brien, and Ossofsky are known as the "triumvirate," and they often work closely together. Most unions, however, are concerned only with bread-and-butter issues, and many do not have enough money or enough retired people to begin a program. Few have a center to offer such as District 65's eleven-story building that includes a cut-rate pharmacy and a cafeteria where even outsiders are welcome.

The RWDSU's retired members are encouraged to get involved in community affairs, and to engage in campaigns that especially interest them. This is in marked contrast to most day centers for the elderly outside of New York, particularly those supported by city funds, where "politics" is frowned on. One campaign, for instance, that interests older people is the effort to get bus and subway fares reduced for those over sixty-five. Several cities—Detroit, Los Angeles, Toledo, Des Moines, and Cleveland—have already succumbed to their pressure, but New York has so far proved immune. District 65 made an extensive study to prove that the city would not lose money by reducing its fares, because the older residents would double their visits to churches, clubs, and families. But when Joseph O'Grady, chairman of the city's Transit Authority, was asked to meet with a group about it, he suggested with remarkable aplomb that the invitation should more properly have been addressed to the Welfare Department. Newburgher's indignation at the reply betrayed no comparable suggestion of charity toward O'Grady.

For the time being, however, re-



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duced fares and other issues—such as increased Social Security, more Federally aided housing for older people, homestead exemptions for retirees, and lower drug prices for everyone—take second place to the campaign for Medicare. Newburgher reports that President Johnson was warm and sincere when he saw him in Washington. "It's not necessary to convince *him* of the need for Medicare," he said. It is worth noting that Newburgher, like the other members of his union, is already covered by medical insurance. But the King-Anderson bill is in the hands of the House Ways and Means Committee; eleven of the fifteen Democrats are said to be for it, and all ten Republicans against.

Today there are eighteen million American people over sixty-five, and though they are generally considered to be conservative, some older Republicans are now voting Democratic when Medicare is the issue. Senators Homer Capehart of Indiana and Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, it is claimed, lost their seats directly over this, as did Representative Walter Judd of Minnesota. Several newly elected representatives in California and Representative Claude Pepper of Florida attribute their victory at the polls to their support of Medicare. Eighteen million is a difficult figure for politicians to ignore, even if many people over sixty-five do not vote, join clubs, or regard themselves as "senior citizens." Eighty per cent of them suffer chronic ailments of one kind or another, although only four per cent are institutionalized, and the "opportunities" they present have mostly been seized by the hucksters of mail-order eyeglasses, rejuvenation nostrums, and insurance gimmicks. The main problem, Jack Ossofsky said, is that they don't have leadership. "There are not many around like Walter Newburgher," he confessed.

If unions should take the lead in the politics of geriatrics, any number of intriguing possibilities may be discovered. The wonderful nonsense of the Townsend Plan of the 1930's will not return, but the goals will be far more realistic and the techniques to achieve them far more substantial. "We want to show them their strengths," Ossofsky said, "not their weaknesses."

# Prosciutto and Mrs. Mellon: Washington's Society Pages

MEG GREENFIELD

ONE EVENING in 1961, the ambassador of Israel and his wife gave a small reception in Washington. It was not a major diplomatic event, but it did rate coverage by a reporter from the women's section of the Washington *Post*. Having cast her eye over the buffet table, columnist Marie McNair reported to her readers that among the delicacies offered were chicken with almonds and grapes, a variety of cheeses, and a platter of prosciutto ham. By its own account, the Israeli embassy was swamped with telephone calls the following day. Mrs. McNair was obliged to run a retraction stating that the ham was really beef. And the ambassador's wife was obliged to make a statement. "We observe all dietary rules," she said.

Happily, the incident brought down no governments, but it did stand as evidence of two interrelated facts about life in the nation's capital. One is that everything about the city's social gatherings, down to the last plate of cold cuts, can have official and political significance. The other is that the ladies who cover these events and relate their findings on the women's pages of the major dailies are among the most widely and carefully read reporters in town. President Kennedy was a faithful if somewhat apprehensive reader of their columns. President Johnson is one of their greatest fans. "We read them every day," New York *Times* bureau chief James Reston told me recently, citing leads, diplomatic news, and a sense of the way things are going as his reasons. Although the ladies who compose these columns are not universally loved, they are universally read. In their way they are the fourth and a half branch of government.

TO BE SURE, there is a school of strong objectors. Many people, especially some of their fellow reporters, find the ladies' adherence to the conventions of society reporting



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embarrassing to the trade. To connoisseurs of the style, however, the complaint appears churlish, particularly in view of the general decline of society reporting around the country. Even as such mighty papers as the New York *Times* seek daily to arouse interest in what looks to be the same woman in the same Balmain suit laying plans for the same benefit horse show, in the capital the *Post* and *Evening Star* continue to provide their readers with a wealth of detail about their betters which is no less fascinating for being trivial. "Mrs. Harriman wore a street-length muumuu," we learn, "and Averell a polo shirt and slacks." "Ambassador On Sein was a resplendent figure in a yellow wrap-around, skirt-like 'basoshay' with jacket ('yin bon-ingyi') and large white headdress or 'gaung baung.' " Only in the women's pages could Washington readers have learned that the blue satin ribbons used to tie off the pews at Joanne Goldwater's wedding were later made into a pair of shorts for her father, or that among the musical selections offered at the Eisenhowers' state dinner for the Khrushchevs were "Zippety Do Da" and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!" The wholly agreeable sensation of familiarity with the great that comes from knowing so much about their tastes and little ways is enhanced by the reporters' habit of referring to their subjects by first names or even nicknames. Thus New York's Republican Senator Kenneth B. Keating—"humorous Ken with his dimples."

### The Art of Nonreporting

It would be a grievous mistake to assume, though many do, that the ladies who produce this poetic copy are themselves as frivolous as their product. True, the world they depict is an unfailingly sunny one. Its congressmen all look "fit" and "handsome." Their wives are uniformly "gracious" and "young looking." Their daughters are "pretty" and, naturally, "popular." But those who object to this rosy view of things would probably do well to hold their peace. The imagination boggles at what would happen if Washington's thirty-five or so women's-page reporters ever revealed everything they know. "What do they *want* us to do?" as one of them put the problem to me recently. "Do they want us to say that most diplomatic receptions are crowded and awful and that no one knows anyone else? Do they want us to say that guests at state dinners wrangle over the matches for souvenirs?" Indeed, feeling a little perverse one day, the women's department of the *Post* deliberately failed to touch up one of its subjects, and the resulting profile should stand as fair warning. Without benefit of editing, Mrs. Gwendolyn Cafritz was allowed to ramble on about her friends in France that summer ("all the titles from the area") and her new fall wardrobe ("That's spelled B-a-l-e-n-c-i-a-g-a, and Morris definitely picked them out himself"). Mrs. Cafritz may be a special case, but to hear it told, there are many figures high on Washington's social pyramid whose reputations would not be helped by a dose of realism on the women's page. Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, editor of the city's famed "Green Book" of social personages and a contributor to the *Star,* told me a while ago that hostesses often call upon her for help in seating a table not only on the basis of protocol but also on the basis of compatible personalities. For such occasions, Mrs. Shaw keeps on hand a set of index cards on just about everyone who matters in Washington. They are annotated with such

initials as O.D. ("overbearing drunk"), O.F. ("old fool"), and, for numerous of the ladies, V.B., or "vicious bitch." Critics of society-page style in Washington would be wise to let well enough alone.

### How to Read a Story

Those who maintain that the women's news in Washington contains little more than fluff may have let their hostility to the conventions of social reporting get in the way of a proper reading of it. For there is a trick to getting the news out of women's news. Though the women's sections of both the *Post* and the *Star* can boast some first-class features and straight reporting, when it comes to social notes the hard news often turns up in a subordinate clause or embedded in other data that could not conceivably be of interest to anyone but women. It is by way of commiserating with the senator's wife over the prospect of changing the children's schools that we learn of the senator's plan not to seek re-election. It is the regrettable cancellation of the party that is likely to inform us, in passing, that it was canceled because the ambassador's government seems about to fall.

All this may be hard going for the serious of purpose, and it may irritate the admiral who has other things to do, but there is no denying that the news is there—the sense of the way things are going. For instance, faithful readers might have picked up such items in the past few weeks as Army Chief of Staff Earle Wheeler's views on who should control NATO's nuclear weapons, Polish Ambassador Edward Drozniak's attitude toward the new travel restrictions on Communist diplomats, the drift of thinking on Embassy Row about Panama ("If the two Presidents will just keep quiet and stop making public pronouncements, everything may lie still for now"), and presumably the French ambassador's first public statement on the rumor that he was about to resign as the result of a disagreement with President de Gaulle.

This last item—a vigorous denial—answered a story that had been going the rounds for several weeks in the capital, and to the surprise of no one it turned up in the column of the *Star's* Betty Beale, acknowledged doyenne of Washington's women's-page reporters. It appeared between a story about how eleven-year-old Alice Ormsby Gore had been allowed to stay up and see the Beatles because she had taken a nap and a description of Countess Knuth-Winterfeldt's dress and hat. Pondering the fact that Miss Beale had once again beaten him to a story, the senior diplomatic correspondent of a well-known newspaper confessed that it simply "would not have occurred" to him to ask the French ambassador that



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particular question. What he meant was that he wouldn't have had the nerve.

Nerve is in long supply with the ladies of the press, however, and many of them agree that they often come away with answers to their impertinent questions because a man who might say "no comment" at a press conference or in a private interview is too embarrassed to say it to another "guest" who also has a highball in her hand. This raises questions of ethics and/or courtesy. Are the society reporters who attend parties always identifiable as reporters to other guests? Do they make it clear when they intend to use a quotation? Do they report on conversations they were not meant to overhear? It is safe to say that most of the time the objects of their attention know what to expect. But not always. Readers of the *Post's* women's page, who by now can hardly be startled by anything, nonetheless were given something of a turn one day last year when they read the following little anecdote about President Kennedy at a party he attended at the Mayflower Hotel:

"To Edgar Ansel Mowrer, syndicated columnist, he said: 'We need a little help from your French friend.'

"Mowrer understood that President Kennedy was referring to President Charles de Gaulle of France who is a close personal acquaintance of Mowrer's. 'You may have to go after it a little different way,' said the columnist. 'He won't be pushed.'

" 'And we won't be pushed either,' said the President . . ." As Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger recalls it, far and away the most startled—not to say displeased—reader that morning was John F. Kennedy.

Although the incidence of such high-level beans being spilled on the women's pages is low, only chance prevents it from happening more often. For the status of society reporters at the parties they attend is, to say the least, ambiguous. Even the most ambitious hostess, to hear the press ladies tell it, cannot quite bear to believe that she is courting public notice, maintaining instead that the society reporter has been invited because they are "good friends." This fiction is as sturdy as it is graceful, and apparently can even survive such awkward moments as when the hostess's friend the reporter arrives with two photographers bearing fifty pounds of equipment.

How should an editor meet the emergency of a women's-page writer coming back to the office with a front-page story in her evening bag? Often as not the *Star* solves this recurring problem simply by printing Betty Beale or her colleague, Isabelle Shelton, on page 1. The *Post,* on the other hand, tends to leave the ladies where they are. According to Alfred Friendly, managing editor of the *Post,* the paper has no fixed policy on the matter, which he concedes is a vexing one. By and large, however, the *Post* believes that it would be a dirty trick to deprive its women's section of such news as it turns up, so it has evolved a sort of separate-but-equal philosophy. This line of thought is in keeping with both papers' effort to make their women's pages more serious, a good intention not without its hazards. Political figures who go to bed happily believing that their remarks before a women's organization have made page 1 often are anguished to discover in the morning that they are keeping company with Mary Haworth again. Indeed, for several years now it has been a common saying in Washington that if the President were to declare war at the Women's National Democratic Club, the *Post* would run the story on the society page.

It simply wouldn't be editorially practical, however, to try to remove the political element from society news, because in Washington there is no such thing as a purely social event. The mere fact that two partygoers conversed, for example, may have its meaning: "The President had three separate chats with House Republican Leader Charles Halleck." The invitation list itself is a political document. "The Nixons," Betty Beale once wrote of the Eisenhower era, "were either never or almost never invited to the White House . . . time and again they were not on the list." She implied that she therefore found it somewhat strange that Washington's political pundits had taken so long to recognize what all society reporters well knew—that there was a coolness between Nixon and Ike.

In more recent times, the ladies have been applying their talents to clocking the candidates for the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination. However that particular struggle is being handled by city editors elsewhere in the country, in Washington it is being fought out among the pudding recipes and sewing patterns. Partly this is because when President Johnson recommends a candidate, as he frequently does, it tends to happen at a social gathering that is in the domain of the lady reporters. Thus, his recent high praise of Sargent Shriver was page 1 in the New York *Times* and women's page in both the *Star* and the *Post.* But there is more to it than the happenstance of Presidential recommendation. President Johnson's friendly words for Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy at a dinner in the senator's honor, for example, were only part of the story as the society reporter present saw it. The other part was the turnout for the senator. "Remarkable," she concluded. There were "seven Cabinet members, close to 20 senators, many House members, one Supreme Court Justice." What was more, Harry Byrd was there, and, as she pointed out, he rarely bothers to come to such events. At this sort of documentation the ladies are unsurpassed. In fact, it can be argued that their most important contribution to Washington's political knowledge of itself lies in their relentless appraisals of who was there and who was not.

### The Return of Perle Mesta

"Everyone was there"—the phrase is a staple of women's-page reporting. But the Washington reader must pay close attention; for although the phrase remains the same, from time to time there is suddenly a completely new "everyone." That is more or less the situation in the capital right now. Bascom N. Timmons was there, readers learned of a certain party that was given not long ago. Bascom N. Timmons? they well may have wondered. Whatever happened to all those other people whose teen-aged children and triumphant desserts they had become addicted to reading about? Where were they? And why Bascom N. Timmons? "He has known President



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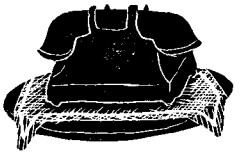
Johnson," came the somewhat curt explanation from the women's page, "since he arrived here thirty-two years ago. . . ." The transition may have been relatively smooth within government itself; on the women's pages it has been mercilessly abrupt.

In addition to compiling new lists of names for the reader, the ladies also make subtle distinctions among them. It is one thing to have been "also glimpsed" at a party and quite another to have been "drawn" to it. Take the report of a recent high-level gathering. "It drew Perle Mesta and such Congressional couples as the 'Tiger' Teagues, the Omar Burlesons, the Joe Kilgores, the Bob Caseys, the Paul Rogerses, and the Jake Pickleses. . . ." Notably, all the couples with the exception of the Rogerses come from Texas. Perle Mesta, in this instance, comes from what might as well have been three years at a power station in Uzbekistan. Whether Mrs. Mesta, in addition to campaigning for Richard Nixon, did or did not once refer to Mrs. Kennedy as a "beatnik," whether the Kennedys, in turn, did or did not debar the former minister to Luxembourg from attending a White House fete for Luxembourg's Grand Duchess Charlotte on her state visit, whether Mrs. Mesta did or did not thereupon refuse to attend a State Department function for the Grand Duchess (an innocent pawn in all this), are subjects of hot and inconclusive debate in society-reporting circles. What can be said with certainty is that Mrs. Mesta got the ax. And it is only recently that Washington readers have again been able to chart her movements, or more precisely her troop movements, in detail. For although one or two of the reporters remained relatively loyal to her during her ostracism by the Kennedy administration, on the whole she rarely was "drawn," and when she was "glimpsed," she was lucky to stay two places ahead of the "and others." She owes her rehabilitation to her friendship with President Johnson. "I called you tonight," he was quoted on the women's pages as having said to her at the dinner for Senator McCarthy. That, as Betty Beale has pointed out, *did it.*

There are plenty of people in Washington who don't consider any of this the least bit funny. The society columnists have been charged with fickleness, sycophancy, and even some sort of sellout for their performance in the past few months. In a way, the charges are a tribute to the persuasiveness of their writing style: apparently all the intimacy and nicknaming led many otherwise sophisticated people to assume that the ladies were writing about cherished friends whom they have now abandoned without compunction. Their sudden shift, however, does raise at least one remotely serious question: have they the power to create social importance? Or do they merely reflect importance that is already there?

Certainly, to judge from the way the reporters are yoo-hooed at on their nightly party rounds and importuned by anxious hostesses during the day, they have considerable power of their own. It is the power



of deciding what to cover and whom to glimpse. True, it is not advisable for a member of the administration to gain a reputation as one who has nothing to do at night but cha-cha his way around town, but occasional mention seems to have its advantages. Guests who are recorded as having been at one right party will likely be invited to others. And if the ladies of the press indicate that some of the right people can be met at a hostess's parties, she soon will be able to draw more. That much is known.

The trick is in deciding which are the right people. There are a couple of columnists, for instance, who devote most of their space to one particular set made up of retired generals and superannuated diplomats who go away, come back, break a hip, and go away again. For the dedicated fan of the pages, it is interesting but only in the way that Mary Worth can be interesting. And, as with Mary, it doesn't matter if you miss a week or two. To be a good society reporter in Washington means, on the contrary, to be able to focus on political power all the time, no easy achievement given the city's ever-shifting and somewhat shifty scene. It takes all manner of vices and virtues—snobbery, snoopiness, brashness, and the good sense to ask the ambassador the right question if only to get him to confirm what his gardener has already told you. For, according to unimpeachable sources, it also takes informants. Waiters, servants, and hairdressers do nicely. So do weak-willed official wives who cannot resist the temptation to say, "As the President said when he was dancing with me. . . ."

**Wood Notes**

But above all, it takes work. The eagerness of people the ladies do not want to hear about to tell them all should not be construed as making their jobs any easier. Like all good reporters, they want what they can't have—Mamie Eisenhower's menus, for example. "We always got them, though," a *Post* lady said to me with justifiable pride. How had they got them? "I'd rather not say," she smiled. Those few known cases of detective work on the part of the ladies' press suggest, however, that they will stop at nothing. Mrs. Kennedy did not wish her plans for decorating Mount Vernon to be revealed. How could she have known that Isabelle Shelton would overhear them being made as she posed as an ordinary tourist? Or take the case of Mrs. Paul Mellon, who foolishly hoped that barbed wire, checkpoints, and security guards could keep the ladies away from a debutante party at her Virginia estate. "The Debutante wore a charming creation of silvery white satin with embroidered green leaves . . . ," the *Post* accurately reported. "Mrs. Kennedy did not dance." Among those glimpsed were the Bundys, the Schlesingers, the Nitzes, and the Alsops. To be sure, they were glimpsed from the woods where two ladies prowled for part of the night. The rest of it was spent observing from the best vantage point that could be found and interviewing workmen who came off the property. "Maxine," one of her colleagues told me, "took a gun."

UNDER a Johnson administration, there will be no need for firearms. "You're as good as the men reporters," the President told a few



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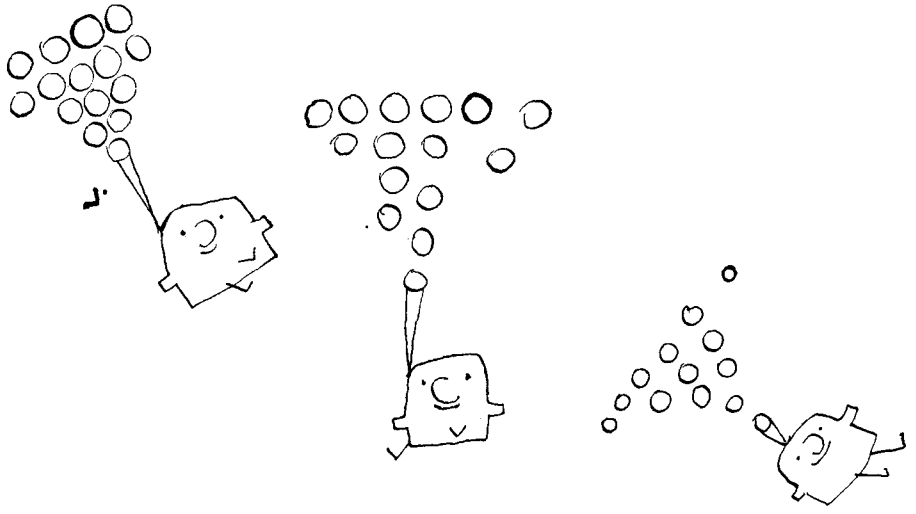
of the ladies recently, "and I want your bosses to know it." He sent them away with a handful of news beats.

The President's determination to make life more pleasant for the women's-page reporters may make it a little more trying for some others. Editors will have more headaches over where they should play what story, and the impatient may grow even more impatient as they continue to sift the news of Washington from among Ambassador On Sein's gaung baung and the doings of little Alice Ormsby Gore. «»



# The Great Air-Fare Snare

MEL ELFIN

"Is ALL THIS talk about lower Jet fares to Europe just a lot of hot air?" blared a recent advertisement by Alitalia Airlines. "No!" answered Alitalia rhetorically. "The smart air traveler can really save a lot of money if he knows what he's doing."

Nothing should be simpler than finding out what it costs to get from here to there. In the jet age, however, it may take longer to figure out the fare than to make the trip itself. "If you think it's complicated, you're right!" declared Alitalia. "Taking an extra day or so in London, Paris, Rome, Tel Aviv or anywhere . . . can cost you an extra $40 or $45 in air fare alone—just because that extra day happens to fall into a 'Peak Season'."

Transatlantic air fares have in fact become so complicated that in order to explain which rates are applicable when, Swissair has designed a new travelers' aid: the blanked-out calendar. Swissair's eastbound Economy Class calendar, for example, has white spaces where June and July should be. Half of July, all of August, and most of September are missing from the westbound calendar. The twenty-one-day Excursion Fare calendar has no weekends, while the emasculated Group Fare calendar omits a miscellaneous assortment of months and weeks.

All of the airlines, of course, are burdened by the same labyrinthine schedule of fares. ("We don't know how to tell you this, but all transatlantic jet fares are the same," El Al confessed in a full-page ad.) What is different is the ways in which the carriers try to explain away the complexities. Eschewing the Swissair calendars, Air India adopted a more academic approach. After the boast in a large ad that "You can fly there [to London] and back too for $300,*" the Air India asterisk directed readers to a seven-column footnote: "*21-day economy jet fare from N.Y. effective for mid-week travel Apr. 1 thru Nov. 5, except June 12 thru July 12 and Aug. 7 thru Aug. 30. $210 fare one-way economy class. All fares effective Apr. 1, subject to Gov't approval."

That any "Gov't" this side of Lewis Carroll would approve the jabberwocky of dates, definitions, limitations, and loopholes as a rate schedule is additional evidence of the irrationality abroad in the world. Ludicrous as it may seem, this summer four men may find themselves seated next to each other aboard a jet liner speeding toward London, the man on the aisle having paid $300 for his round-trip passage (the excursion rate), the man in the middle having paid $325 (the group fare), the man at the window having paid $399 (the off-season economy fare), and the man across the aisle having paid $441.75 (one-way off-season economy, one-way peak season economy). Just ahead of them, beyond a small partition, a fifth man will be sitting in a slightly larger seat. His (first-class) fare: $712.50.

### Cartel and Chaos

While similar absurdities prevail on many domestic routes, the prime responsibility for the confusion over the North Atlantic lies with a cumbersome organization called the International Air Transport Association, which tries to standardize international airline procedures, documents, commercial operations, and, above all, fares. An unusual blend of trade association, cartel, and U.N. debating society, IATA numbers among its members almost all the world's more than one hundred international airlines. (The most prominent nonmember: the Soviet Union's Aeroflot.)

IATA follows many determinedly democratic if obviously inefficient procedures. Each agreement, whether about baggage tickets, bills of lading, or the fare from Accra to Ankara, must have the unanimous approval of the carriers involved. What's more, each airline, from Pan American, which carried almost five million passengers last year, to Air Mali, which carried fewer than twenty-five thousand, has one vote. Thus, the small state-owned or state-subsidized carriers that are in business primarily to "show the flag" can exercise a strong voice, if not a veto, in determining the rates charged by airlines that are in business primarily to show a profit. But with rare exceptions (such as when SAS was fined $20,000 for publicly disparaging the sandwiches served by other airlines) IATA has gone its way quietly since 1945, unobtrusively fixing



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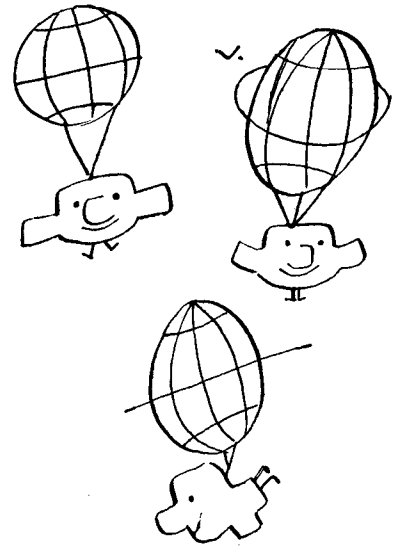
prices and maintaining a fragile peace among the world's airlines.

Most Americans were unaware of IATA's cartel functions until last spring, when the organization became embroiled with the Civil Aeronautics Board in a dispute over fares. Many of the foreign airlines, which dominate IATA, were then heavily in the red. BOAC, for instance, had lost $40.3 million in the year ending March, 1963, and had been accused by the British government, which owns the line, of mismanagement. In a desperate effort to balance the books, the foreign carriers, at an IATA meeting in Arizona, pushed through a five per cent increase in transatlantic fares, raising the round-trip economy rate to London from $486 to $513. But the CAB and its Canadian counterpart refused to go along.

The CAB argued that transatlantic passengers (two-thirds of whom are Americans) should not be made to pay for the foreign carriers' mismanagement and inability to gauge the travel market. The airlines had increased capacity on the North Atlantic route far faster than the growth in traffic warranted. Moreover, the number of carriers flying transatlantic routes went from eleven in 1952 to nineteen in 1962. With more lines flying more and bigger planes, the crucial load factor on the Atlantic routes had decreased from sixty-seven per cent in the pre-jet era of 1957 to forty-nine per cent in 1963. The CAB, in defense of the tourists who were being taxed to pay for all the empty seats, advised Pan American and TWA not to put the fare boost into effect.

THE RESULT was chaos. In Britain, members of Parliament, outraged that the Americans would not comply with IATA's price fixing, demanded that Her Majesty's Government seize planes belonging to the U.S. carriers or else forbid them to land in the United Kingdom. In Sweden, Pan American passengers who had flown across the Atlantic at the old rate were forced by SAS employees to deposit the five per cent difference in fare before being allowed to leave the airport. The fare war quickly escalated into a diplomatic confrontation, and the State Department quietly told the CAB it would be in the best interests of the United States if the American carriers raised their rates. Grudgingly, the CAB surrendered. While Pan Am may not have liked the principle of increasing fares, it certainly enjoyed the resulting profits (earnings in 1963 were up 124 per cent).

The British papers and politicians gloated over the U.S. backdown. But their triumph was short-lived. Embarrassed by his retreat, CAB Chairman Alan Boyd began speaking out even more boldly about the necessity for reducing fares and eventually forced IATA to compromise by cutting the basic economy fare by $13.30. Then Pan Am announced it would ask IATA to approve a new "thrift class" of service (no meals, no frills) across the Atlantic with a round-trip fare of $320. A few weeks later, Trans-Canada suggested slashing the off-season economy fare to $290. Gradually, the foreign carriers became convinced that the North Americans meant what they said, and airlines that only a few months before were busily defending the raising of fares were now piously advocating their reduction. The only question seemed to be by how much the fares would come down.



For more than three months, at three wearying conferences in Salzburg and Nassau, the transatlantic carriers debated and discussed, haggled and quibbled over how to lower fares. Finally, the carriers agreed to compromise their many differences with the baroque schedule of fares that will go into effect (with "Gov't approval") on April 1.

The CAB, which had sat in on the IATA deliberations, grandly estimated that the new fares will save American tourists $50 million, and it is no doubt true that "the smart air traveler" can save considerable money by tailoring his vacation to IATA's contorted calendars. Yet, for the bulk of summer tourists, the reductions are worth about the price of one drink at a Paris night club. The new economy fare to London during the peak summer months was pegged by IATA at $484.50. On March 31, 1963, the rate had been $486. Thus, after all the quibbling, the key fare that will apply to most vacationers has been cut by $1.50.

### The Charter Flight

Little wonder, then, that in the nation which invented the discount house and the supermarket, more and more vacationing Americans are seeking—and finding—genuinely cut-rate routes to Europe. If they are willing to sacrifice time for money, many travel in the lumbering propeller-driven DC-6Bs operated by tiny Icelandic Airlines, the only non-IATA carrier that flies the Atlantic. Icelandic takes sixteen hours to fly from New York to London (the swifter jets do it in a little over six), but its rates are at least $50 lower than the fares fixed by IATA. While most of its larger rivals have been in and out of the red, privately owned Icelandic has not had a losing year since it began flying in 1952.

But for bargain hunters, nothing can match the lure of a charter flight. Originally and ostensibly designed as a means by which members of the same club, church, fraternity, or business organization could fly together cheaply to the same destination, charters have become a means by which Europe-bound vacationers can evade the high tariffs set by IATA carriers. With seats on charters selling for as little as $190 for a round trip to London (the average charter rate: about $250), it is not surprising that one out of every seven passengers who flew to Europe last year went by Atlantic charter. A decade ago, the proportion was only one in thirty. "Why shouldn't the charter business be booming?" asked one young New York attorney who has gone on several flights in recent years. "The planes are just as safe,



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just as fast, the stewardesses are just as pretty, and the service is twice as good as on regular flights."

Charters may be operated by any bona fide group—social, educational, commercial, fraternal, professional, or religious—provided it obeys the CAB rules. But the rules are honored in the same fashion as was the Eighteenth Amendment. For example, passengers on charter flights are required to have been members of the sponsoring organization at least six months prior to departure. Yet most travel agents know that there are groups which will backdate membership applications in order to fill up a plane. One Manhattan promoter was prosecuted last year for advertising "cheap flights to Europe," then putting nonmembers aboard regular charters. New York State Attorney Louis Lefkowitz seemed particularly annoyed because the passengers had been promised "gourmet meals" but were given frozen TV dinners salvaged from Army surplus.

The CAB also says that the sponsoring organization must not have been formed solely for the purpose of running a charter flight. But whatever their constitutions may say, many chartering groups have one real function—co-operative travel. Several organizations in New York with thousands of dues-paying members maintain façades of "clubs" and "charities," yet their most fraternal and charitable deeds appear to be the running of inexpensive charters.

THE New York State attorney general's office last year received scores of complaints from tourists who were stranded either here or abroad by charter organizers who failed to deliver as promised. Some were victims of con men and others of bungling young businessmen, particularly college students who hope to make a little money (the organizer can earn up to $500 for his labors) by running a campus charter. "We now have a situation," said New York Assistant Attorney General Barnett Levy, "where a college kid can collect thousands of dollars for a charter flight to Europe and then not have the know-how to get the flight going." After several student-organized charters fell through, Columbia University banned the posting of charter-flight ads.

To the airlines, charters have become a Frankenstein monster. At first, the carriers viewed charters as an easy way (the sponsoring organization sells the seats; all the airline has to do is fly the plane) to utilize expensive airplanes in the off seasons. But as the charter business grew at a supersonic rate, it began siphoning off traffic from far more profitable regularly scheduled flights. The IATA carriers have for some time tried to set a minimum charter price (about $250). So far they have agreed only to discuss the question again at a meeting in the fall. "This proves we're really not a cartel," said an IATA spokesman facetiously. "Any cartel worthy of the name would have solved this charter problem a long time ago."

Of course the easiest way to solve the charter problem would be to cut the regular fares. The rates would not necessarily have to match the charter prices, since most passengers would be willing to pay a little more for the privilege of coming and going when they wish (charter passengers must travel on unswitchable dates). But until the fares do come down substantially, the charter business will continue to soar.

### Toward a Mass Market

In a way, the charters are to the airline industry what the discount stores are to retail trade. And just as the discount stores led the way to a new era of mass merchandising, the charters may well lead the way to a new era of mass transportation. For the European carriers in particular, the transition now under way from a luxury to a mass market may be particularly painful.

Over the years, the European and American lines have pursued conflicting philosophies on fares. Pan American, which pioneered both tourist and economy-class service, has long advocated a low-cost, high-volume policy on rates. With a large, air-oriented market upon which to draw, the U.S. carriers could afford to press for substantial fare cuts, assured that the demand was sufficiently elastic to make the move economically sound.

The foreign carriers had no such assurance. European travelers have shorter distances to cover and far better train service, and were not, until recently, nearly so air-minded as Americans. Nor was the European market so susceptible to growth through price cuts. With fewer potential passengers, the European lines felt that in order to make money they had to offer luxury service at luxury prices. (Per mile air rates are much higher in Europe than in the United States.) And when Pan Am suggested cheap no-frill service, they sneered at it as "steerage class" and used IATA as a device for blocking real cuts in transatlantic fares.

Now, however, as their own nations grow more affluent, the European carriers are finding that their potential markets are steadily expanding. Swissair, for instance, says that forty per cent of its traffic last year originated in Switzerland. On the whole, transatlantic traffic may be increasing faster in Europe than in the United States and Canada. In addition, the European carriers are becoming more efficient. SAS, which lost $4.7 million in 1962, made $4 million in 1963. Furthermore, as the airlines write down the costs of buying and introducing U.S.-made jets, profits will rise even faster. At the same time, the carriers may be able to cut down on overhead through combined operations inspired by the Common Market. Air France, Lufthansa, Alitalia, and Sabena are about to launch Air Union, a pool to coordinate sales and timetables. And some lines are even experimenting with American discounts. British European Airways, BOAC's sister line, has long offered inexpensive night flights to continental vacation resorts and recently began shuttle-style no-reservation service on busy routes in Britain. The line runs at a profit.

In the long run, discounts, transatlantic excursion rates, off-season-on-season gimmick fares may all just be first halting steps toward a mass market in international air transportation. The next step may be to slash and simplify the rates. "Let's cut the fares," one harassed travel agent remarked recently. "Let's cut the gimmicks, cut the asterisks, cut the crazy calendars, and get back to the first lesson of merchandising—making it easy for the customer to buy. That has always been a good way to run a business; it may also be a good way to run an airline."



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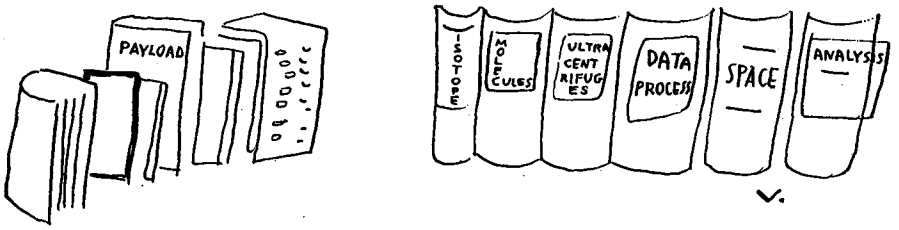



# When Pure Science Meets Pure Politics

DANIEL S. GREENBERG

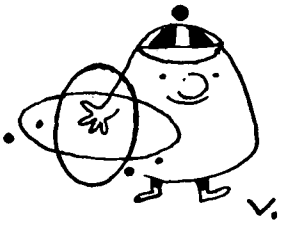
BY LYNDON JOHNSON'S own account —he said so in a letter to Senator Hubert Humphrey (D., Minnesota)—the civilian item that most occupied his attention in the frantic post-assassination budget review concerned something of which few Americans have ever heard, fewer would ever see, and scarcely any could understand.

Specifically, it was another entry in the growing series of furious pork-barrel fights over scientific facilities, this time involving a huge and controversial piece of scientific gear properly called a Fixed Field Alternating Gradient Synchrotron, referred to by scientists as the FFAG machine, but known to the layman, if at all, as a new kind of atom smasher or high-energy accelerator. For the Midwestern scientists who designed FFAG, it was unquestionably a tantalizing piece of scientific apparatus, but with construction costs estimated at $170 million and annual operating costs at a minimum of $30 million, Midwestern congressmen found it even more tantalizing for its pork-barrel implications. And, in an era when Federal research and development have come to exceed public works in pork potential ($15.2 billion compared with $7.2 billion, respectively, in the coming fiscal year), the accelerator quickly became the rallying point for one of the most tangled, bitter, and revealing fights ever to spill over from pure science into pure politics. Eventually, the fight itself achieved such high-energy proportions that the President had to serve as arbiter among the conflicting parties.

For background purposes, it should be noted that as military and space hardware, as well as many civilian products, becomes more complex, industry has tended to favor plant sites close to thriving university research centers. These centers—the Harvard-MIT complex is a good example—provide a pool of scientific and engineering consultants for industrial needs, and they also provide an attractive setting for highly specialized technical personnel, many of whom like to keep one foot in the academic world. Thus, industry and jobs tend to follow science, and, with this in mind, Midwestern congressmen have been angrily complaining that university research centers in their region have not been getting a fair share of the annual Federal outlay for research and development.

### Money Runs in Circles

The crystallizing of their sense of injustice can be precisely dated to June



19, 1962, when the Defense Department, which spends about half of the Federal R&D budget, issued a remarkable booklet entitled "The Changing Patterns of Defense Procurement." Reporting that in the previous year California and the Eastern Seaboard states had received seventy-five per cent of Defense R&D expenditures, and that Ohio led the Midwest with only 2.3 per cent, the department quoted a study made by the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest that concluded:

"Management planners, in considering sites for new or expanded facilities, have found that the availability of trained minds overshadows even such factors as the labor market, water supply, and power sources. The evidence is overwhelming: Route 128 encircling Boston, the industrial complex around San Francisco Bay, that related to the California Institute of Technology and UCLA in the Los Angeles area, and similar situations are cogent examples of the clustering of industry around centers of learning."

Not only do production contracts follow research contracts, the report stated, but the acquisition of production contracts in turn leads to the ability to strengthen research staffs. "The process is circular; and it regenerates itself," the booklet concluded. It went on to point out that in 1961, while universities and nonprofit research institutions in California and Massachusetts were receiving $207 million in Defense research contracts and grants, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio together accounted for a total of only $53 million.

For obvious reasons, the report became required reading among Midwestern legislators, industrialists, and university presidents, and in their ranks there quickly developed a bipartisan determination to see to it that the Midwest got a bigger slice of Federal R&D expenditures as a first step toward the even bigger procurement expenditures.

DURING this same period, by coincidence, the administration's scientific advisers had concluded that it was time to lay long-term plans for the future of high-energy physics. The need for looking far ahead was inherent in the high-energy physicists' working tool—the nuclear accelerator, an immense piece of apparatus that is employed to probe the structure of the infinitesimally small particles that make up the nucleus of the atom. This is



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accomplished by using energies in the multibillion-electron-volt range to hurl subatomic particles, usually around a circular track, into collision with other particles. When the particles collide, even smaller components fly off, whereupon, through various precision devices, the nuclear physicist can obtain data on their composition.

The key to progress in this work, considered by many to be one of the most exciting frontiers of fundamental science, is the amount of energy that goes into the collision. The greater the energy, the deeper the physicist can probe into the heart of the atom. In the cyclotrons of the 1930's, the energies were measured in millions of electron volts. But after the war, accelerators came into use employing billions of electron volts (bev) that hurled particles around tracks as much as a half mile in circumference. While using these high-energy machines, physicists were laying plans for even more powerful machines, so complex that their design and construction would take at least a decade. And it was these plans for the future that brought the nation's two great high-energy physics centers—the Berkeley, California, Lawrence Radiation Laboratory and Long Island's Brookhaven National Laboratory—into battle with each other and with two lesser Midwestern centers. Each, in alliance with neighboring universities, was determined not to be left behind in the evolution of high-energy physics.

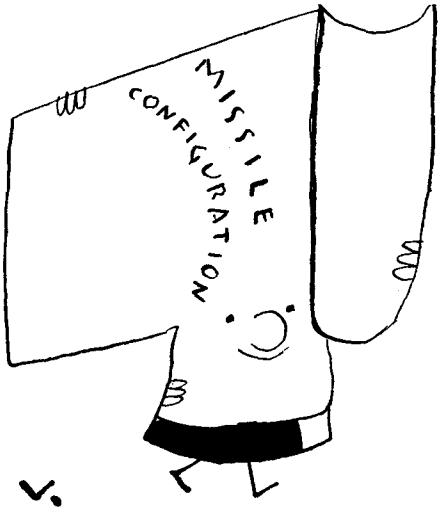
The main difficulty was that high-energy physics had rapidly become the nation's most expensive single scientific specialty, and some hard choices were going to have to be made. Almost entirely supported by the Federal government through the Atomic Energy Commission (the field is too remote from commercial utility to interest industry, and too expensive for any university to make more than token contributions), high-energy physics was budgeted in fiscal 1963 for $143 million to support the nine accelerators then in operation or soon to be. By comparison, the Federal government's chief channel for supporting cancer research, the National Cancer Institute, spent $119 million in that year. Clearly, in the quest for high energies, the machines were becoming astronomical in cost—and since the high-energy physicists were laying plans for machines that could cost as much as $1 billion each to construct, it was essential to lay out an order of priority if the present pace of research was to be maintained.

### A Thousand Bevs to Choose From

The task, accordingly, was entrusted to a ten-man panel, chosen no doubt for its scientific ability but also with the sort of geographical care that is traditionally afforded Vice-Presidential candidates: three from Eastern universities, three from Midwestern universities, three from West Coast universities, and one nonuniversity scientist, home-based in Washington and presumably without regional bias.

The facts facing the panel were these: Brookhaven, which in 1960 had put into operation the nation's largest accelerator—33 bev—was working on plans for an 800- to 1,000-bev machine with a particle track some ten to twelve miles around, which would cost at least $800 million to build and at least $170 million a year to run. The machine would not be completed until 1978. At the same time, the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory was at work on designs for a 200-bev machine that could be fully operational six years earlier.

Meanwhile in the Middle West, a much smaller ($50-million, 12.5-bev) machine, known as a Zero Gradient Synchrotron and called the ZGS or "ziggy" for short, was nearing completion at the Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago. Though dwarfed by Brookhaven's 33-bev accelerator, it was considered an extremely fine instrument and was expected to appease the Midwestern physicists who had long complained that they had to travel too far to carry out their research. And finally, at Stoughton, near the University of Wisconsin, a special group of forty scientists and engineers organized by a fifteen-university combine known as the Midwestern Universities Research Association (MURA) was completing design work on a somewhat new type of accelerator, the FFAG. The virtue of this 10- to 12.5-bev machine was that it would provide higher intensities—that is, thicker streams of particles to fire at the target. A few years earlier MURA had lost out in a bitter fight to Argonne as the AEC's choice to build a Midwest machine, but the MURA group nevertheless stayed together, living on the hope that its high-intensity design would still win AEC's approval.




With these facts before them, the panel and the advisers it summoned settled down to work out the priorities for the next generation of accelerators. To the Argonne people, the MURA group represented nothing but competition for AEC's money and attention, and Argonne proceeded to bombard the AEC's Washington headquarters with memoranda attacking MURA's motives and scientific utility. In turn, MURA argued that its designs were close to completion, that it couldn't hold its research group together indefinitely on nothing but hope, and that its machine, though of only 10 to 12.5 bev, was designed to perform experiments that would be impossible with other machines. Argonne replied that with modest modifications, its soon-to-be-completed machine could do anything MURA's could do.

Prominent East and West Coast physicists argued that the quest for higher energies should take precedence over any of the Midwest's seemingly trivial plans. All this took place against a background of growing Congressional agitation over the burgeoning Federal research budget—the total had increased fivefold since 1954—and the White House science advisers, with a better feel for the Washington scene than the



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out-of-town panel members, accordingly cautioned the panel to be price conscious.

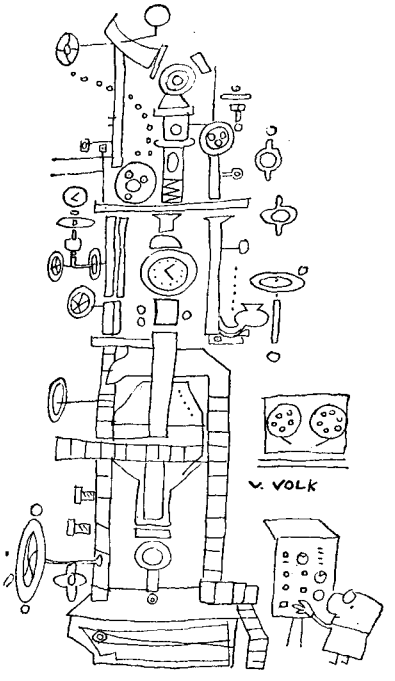
The result was a delicately worded series of recommendations—"expensive and restrained," as the panel put it—calling for an $8-billion program of construction and operations running through 1981. The panel agreed that MURA's FFAG had much to commend it as a scientific instrument, but the pressing need was for the higher energies proposed by Brookhaven and Lawrence. The first step, therefore, should be the "earliest possible" construction of the 200-bev Lawrence machine. Next, the panel said, Brookhaven should carry out intensive design studies for its 800- to 1,000-bev machine while modernizing its 33-bev machine. MURA's FFAG should be built only if its construction would not delay "the authorization of the steps toward higher energy." The order of priorities, which called for high-energy physics expenditures of $218 million in fiscal 1965, obviously put MURA out of the picture.

### Barrage from the Midwest

Immediately, irate Midwestern university presidents bombarded their congressmen; and the congressmen, who needed no prompting, proceeded to direct every traditional badgering device at the White House science advisers, the Bureau of the Budget, the Atomic Energy Commission, and, whenever they got a chance, at John F. Kennedy himself. Typical of this political barrage was a letter from Senator William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin) to Jerome B. Wiesner, Kennedy's science adviser. Proxmire started by pointing out that he had recently become a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee, and then went on to predict: "The failure to approve an accelerator for the Midwest would seriously compromise the prospects for approving a $250-million accelerator on the east or west coasts a few years from now. . . . I say this not with any notion that there might be some kind of political retaliation. I say this from the standpoint of realism."

Eventually, the political pressure became so intense that the White House science advisers reconvened the advisory panel to seek a more clear-cut recommendation. The panel members failed to clarify the issue, and some went off grumbling that the White House was asking for a scientific decision when in reality it wanted a political decision. By then, November was at hand, and the time was approaching to settle the MURA issue so that the fiscal 1965 budget could be sent to the printers. About the middle of the month, word spread through the Midwestern congressional delegations that Hubert Humphrey was feeling highly optimistic about MURA after speaking to Kennedy. Such was the state of affairs when Lyndon Johnson succeeded to the Presidency on November 22.

THE Midwesterners, eager to nail down the issue, resumed their barrage, and it took President Johnson no time at all to recognize that deep political trouble was stirring inside this seemingly esoteric scientific row. Accordingly, he held two meetings




of about an hour each in December with Wiesner, Chairman Glenn Seaborg of the AEC, and Kermit Gordon and Elmer Staats, director and deputy director, respectively, of the Bureau of the Budget. Later, he also called in representatives of the MURA group and about a half dozen Midwestern congressmen. At this meeting, without openly committing himself one way or the other on the MURA project, he repeatedly stressed that the budget was being pared to the bone and that many worthy ventures would have to be put aside. Shortly afterward, the Midwesterners learned that AEC had given the MURA project the kiss of death by writing a $500,000 item into its budget to close it out.

The reaction among the Midwesterners was volcanic. Hubert Humphrey carried the message to the White House that the whole national program in high-energy physics might be jeopardized by the blow at MURA. Not long afterwards, Humphrey, at the President's suggestion, met with Wiesner and Seaborg to discuss the matter, and several days later Johnson revealed in a letter to Humphrey that the MURA verdict would be significantly modified. Noting that he had "devoted more personal time to this problem than to any nondefense question that came up during the budget process," Johnson went on to say that the MURA design group—which was unofficially slated for dissolution—would be able to continue in existence at Argonne. The President then added a word or two about co-operation: "I share fully your strong desire to support the development of centers of scientific strength in the Midwest, and I feel certain that with the right cooperation between the Government and the universities, we can do a great deal to build at Argonne the nucleus of one of the finest research centers in the world."

Four days later the AEC announced that the new MURA-Argonne group would take part in the design work on the up to 1,000-bev machine that had heretofore been the exclusive province of Brookhaven. Noting also that Lawrence was designing a 200-bev machine, AEC went on to state, "No decisions have been made for the construction of either of these large national accelerators, nor have site locations been selected."

It may be true that AEC hasn't selected the sites, but in the era of pork-barrel science, there are 435 representatives and a hundred senators who don't hold the slightest doubts about the best possible location.



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# Beethoven Is Better Than Ever

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

BEETHOVEN'S nine symphonies have been recorded five times in their entirety since the advent of stereo—by Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonic of London, Josef Krips and the London Symphony, and Bruno Walter and the Columbia Symphony. This embarrassment of riches—not to speak of overproduction—has given rise to the usual disputes as to which conductor best exemplifies the hallowed "Beethoven tradition." The critics talk of "the Beethoven style," "the Viennese School," "the sound of Beethoven's orchestra," and so forth. One set of symphonies, symptomatically, is advertised under the headline ". . . as though Beethoven himself were standing there."

Tradition may be a frangible intangible in literature and painting, but in music it plays a rather more practical and concrete role—hence the tendency of musicians to identify themselves and each other with schools, genealogies, and lines of stylistic descent, wherein X. is shown to be a pupil of Weingartner, who studied with Liszt, a pupil of Czerny, who studied with Beethoven, a pupil of Haydn, and so on back to Orpheus. The kind of information that is passed down from one generation to the next is vital to the performance of music because the printed notes are dead signs that tell only half the story—they specify pitches but indicate rhythm, tempo, phrasing, and dynamics in only the most approximate, relative terms. These elements are left to the performer, working with the accumulation of habits, instincts, and customs he has acquired from aural tradition. But this legacy, obviously, is not synonymous with authenticity, nor is a performance within "the Viennese tradition" equivalent to having Beethoven "standing there."

If Beethoven could hear any of these recordings, he would be startled—pleasantly, I trust—by the sounds that are now being produced from his prescriptions of a hundred and fifty years ago. For one thing, the smooth, rather homogenized orchestral tone of today's best Beethoven is measurably louder than anything he could have anticipated. The size of the average orchestral string section has been doubled and redoubled; brass instruments are more agile and strident; the woodwinds can generate more penetrating sounds. Acoustical studies show that our concert halls are generally more resonant, with background noise levels correspondingly higher.

BUT the major difference between a 1964 *Eroica* and the one the Viennese heard in 1804 is a matter of organization and discipline among the rank and file. The orchestras for which Beethoven wrote, and which he occasionally conducted, were incredibly haphazard affairs, hired for one night, hastily rehearsed, frequently at loggerheads with the conductor. In today's parlance, this is a "pickup group" as opposed to an "orchestra," a term implying a certain continuity of training and membership. Whenever obeisance is made to "the Viennese tradition," no one seems to remember that there was not one permanent symphony orchestra in the city at any time during Beethoven's career. (He died in 1827; the Vienna Philharmonic was founded in 1842, the same year as the New York Philharmonic, and it did not begin to function properly until 1854.)

Although there were regular pit orchestras in Vienna's theatres, symphony concerts were the domain of amateur groups, the so-called *Liebhaber* and *Musikfreunde* associations, consisting of thirty or forty string-playing dilettantes reinforced by professional wind players and first-desk men. These groups were not in the habit of holding rehearsals—it was not a sporting thing for gentlemen to do, and besides, the pleasure was in the playing, not the listening. Admission was by invitation only.

To bring his works before a larger and paying public, Beethoven usually hired one of the theatre orchestras and added whatever talent happened to be available, amateur or professional. Though his men always complained that his music was "impossibly difficult" to play, he rarely had more than two or three rehearsals at which to whip them into some semblance of unanimity. At the first performance of the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, for instance, "It had been found impossible to get a single full rehearsal for all the works to be performed, all filled with the greatest difficulties."

Like many Viennese "musical academies" (programs), this one lasted four full hours: in addition to the symphonies, it included parts of the C Major Mass, the aria "Ah! Perfido!," a piano concerto (probably the Fourth), an improvisation for piano solo, and the *Choral Fantasy*, Opus 80. The date was December



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22, 1808; it was freezing in the unheated theatre. During the final number the players broke down under the strain. "The clarinets make a mistake in the count and enter too soon," one of the critics wrote. "A curious mixture of tones results. Beethoven jumps up, tries to silence the clarinets, but does not succeed until he has called out quite loudly and rather ill-temperedly: 'Stop, stop! That won't do! Again—again!' "

He was hard of hearing by then, and this was his last public appearance as a pianist. But things were no better before his deafness became acute. When he introduced the First Symphony in 1800, the orchestra "lacked good will, unity, and love of art," according to one exasperated listener, "and often played badly together, which was all the more apparent since B.'s compositions are difficult to execute." In the second part of the symphony, "They even became so lazy that no amount of time-beating could kindle a fire under the performance, especially among the wind instruments. With such behavior . . . what sort of meaningful effect can even the best composition be expected to make?"

Three years later, when the Second Symphony, the Third Piano Concerto, and *Christ on the Mount of Olives* were to be given, all on one evening, a friend found Beethoven in bed composing additional trombone parts at five o'clock on the morning of the concert. The rehearsal began three hours later. "It was a terrible rehearsal," wrote his pupil Ries, "and by half-past two everyone was exhausted and more or less dissatisfied." Realizing that the musicians had gone seven hours without food, Prince Lichnowsky saved the day by ordering wine and sandwiches for everybody. Morale restored, they were persuaded to "try it through once more, so the performance will go as it should in the evening." No untoward incidents occurred during the concert, but Beethoven seems to have played less brilliantly than usual—from lack of sleep, probably.

The *Eroica,* completed in 1804, had its first performance by an amateur orchestra. Complaints that it was much too long led Beethoven to add a cautionary note to the first edition: "As this symphony is longer than usual, it must be performed near the beginning of an academy, and immediately following an overture, an aria, and a concerto; played too late, for listeners tired out by the preceding productions, it loses its proper effect." At another concert, the Triple Concerto fell through because the "performers didn't take it seriously enough." When woodwind players in the opera orchestra had trouble with one of the crucial passages in the *Leonore Overture No. 2,* Beethoven scrapped it and wrote *Leonore No. 3* instead. Rehearsing the new Seventh Symphony in 1813, says one witness, "The violinists absolutely refused to play one episode in the symphony, and reproached him for writing passages that are impossible to perform." This time he cajoled them into studying the parts on their own

time: "If you practice it at home, the music will surely go," he suggested tactfully, and it did.

FOR THE 1824 premiere of the Ninth Symphony—still a formidable testing ground for the most experienced conductor and the best-drilled orchestra—he requested three full rehearsals but had to settle for two, the theatre musicians being otherwise occupied. He doubled the size of the orchestra for the occasion, but only seven of the eighteen first violins and six of the seconds were paid professionals. Beethoven was so deaf by then that his friends communicated with him by jotting notes in the "conversation books" he always kept on hand, and these furnish a detailed record of the *"höllische Konfusion"* that reigned while the choir and soloists were being recruited.

"The singers still don't know a single note," complained an assistant at the eleventh hour. Members of the solo quartet, rehearsing in the composer's apartment, called him "a tyrant over voices." The women's choir, his friends told him, "is not one of the best because a lot of very young girls are in it." Again, "The Baron [Lannoy, leader of the amateurs] has taken the tempo twice too fast." After a harried dress rehearsal, Beethoven stood at the door and embraced all the participating volunteers—well over a hundred amateurs who contributed their services.

It is hard to imagine how that performance must have sounded—after two rehearsals, with an utterly miscellaneous choir and orchestra playing the Ninth Symphony for the first time, from hand-written parts, and under the simultaneous direction of unsynchronized conductors: one man beating time, another leading the strings with his violin bow, a third reinforcing the rhythm at the piano, and then Beethoven himself indicating the expression and dynamics. "He moved back and forth like a man possessed," one of the players noted. "Sometimes he stretched high into the air, sometimes he cowered close to the ground; he flailed the air with his hands and feet as though he wanted to play all the instruments himself, and to sing all of the mighty chorus. . . ."

He was a man who could make two hundred sketches of a theme before deciding on its final form. But this perfectionism was reserved for the notes he put on paper "for a future age"; in actual practice he preferred to treat music as the art of the possible. When things went wrong in the orchestra he was often more amused than irritated. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" he burst out when reminded of the young Meyerbeer's malfeasance at one of his concerts. "I wasn't at all satisfied with him; he didn't beat the drum properly and always came in too late, so I had to give him a good dressing down . . . Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"He was not one of those egotistical composers whom no orchestra can satisfy," Ignaz von Seyfried, himself a conductor, recalled. "At times he was all too considerate, and did not even bother to repeat the passages that went wrong at re-



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# The Kite

You will never know how much I counted on the kite,
That inverse parachute so laden with high hopes,
And wondered if my nerves were equal to the flight.

It was a treasure-box, yet open at both ends,
All a mandarin green with black ideographic streaks,
Itself, in part, deception, as though it must discount the wind's deceiving trends.

Those deceived too often do two things:
Cut off all intercourse between the earth and sky—
Or make a changing, changeling, philosophy of their misgivings:

So doing, they will not give up their least, most fragile ship,
The jewel case that long ago has learned to travel light
And balance on the invisible juggler's erratic fingertip.

Someone else who reads the language of the sky
And feels the wind rush through the walls of his resources
Will watch me, brisk as a general, recouping the tension on which all spectacles rely.

There is some serenity in knowing that I, at least, will never cut the cord.
Both mystery and destruction of an ultimate sort—or so it seems to me—
Like falling into heaven, are more appropriate to the Lord.

—CHARLES EDWARD EATON

hearsals, saying: 'The next time it will go as it should.' . . . But when, especially in the scherzos of his symphonies, sudden, unexpected changes of tempo threw everything into confusion, he would laugh uproariously and assure the men he had expected nothing else, had in fact been waiting for it to happen. He took almost childish pleasure in the thought that he had succeeded in 'unhorsing such routined orchestral knights.' "

THE EARLY HISTORY of "the Beethoven tradition" under other conductors is scarcely less disconcerting. The famous Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig had trouble with the Fifth Symphony in 1809 "on account of its great difficulties" and because they felt the scherzo could not be played by so large an orchestra—they had thirty-eight men at the time. The twelve-year-old London Philharmonic "hopelessly butchered" the Ninth Symphony in 1825. Nearly thirty years later, a British critic was still complaining, "Our oboes never seem in tune, and our horns never seem to know their parts; how awfully they stumble about in the trio of the *Eroica*."

In Paris, as Berlioz reports, the first Beethoven conductor, Habeneck, "found himself obliged to make monstrous cuts. . . . Without these 'corrections' Beethoven would not have been admitted to the honor of figuring in the program of the *concerts spirituels* between a bassoon solo and a flute concerto." Habeneck afterwards organized a thirty-man volunteer ensemble that rehearsed the *Eroica* for a full year and a half before venturing the first public concert, in 1828. It was this dauntless undertaking that led to the founding of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, the oldest in France. Their technical standards were said to be the highest in Europe, but Mendelssohn thought otherwise when he heard their performance of the Pastoral Symphony in 1832. "In the minuet," he wrote a friend, "the first clarinet commenced his solo a bar too soon but went on puffing away as merrily as possible, never observing that it sounded quite infamous, and that some of the audience, and among others the undersigned, were making dreadful wry faces, and that the director had got a stomachache; the horn ought then to have come in, but took fright and did not come in, on which the violins took fright also and played softer and softer, on which the thing every moment became more like a Dutch concert, for they were all out, and only a movement in three-quarter time being close at hand saved them from the disgrace of stopping short and beginning all over again."

These contretemps ceased being everyday occurrences after Mendelssohn, Berlioz, and Wagner established new orchestral norms. Mendelssohn took over the Gewandhaus Orchestra in 1835, and his Beethoven interpretations became the talk of Europe. Wagner conducted his first Ninth Symphony performance at Dresden in 1846. Fastidious in every detail, he rearranged the seating order and the dynamics, held a dozen rehearsals just for the cello and brass recitative in the last movement, and even wrote his own program notes, interlarded with quotes from Goethe's *Faust*. Berlioz took London by storm with the Ninth Symphony in 1852. He insisted on so many rehearsals that they swallowed up nearly half the season's budget for the New Philharmonic Society. But the money was well spent: "The Choral Symphony, which had never managed to go well here, produced a miraculous effect, and I had a very great success as a conductor. . . . It was such an event that many people doubted if we should be able to carry through this terrible and marvelous work with flying colors." Some of the miracle may have gone out of it since then, along with the orchestral uncertainty and the aural anguish. But the Beethoven tradition is surely easier on the ears in this age of stereophonic proliferation, when the orchestra men know every symphony by heart and it all sounds as if Berlioz were standing there.



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# THE REPORTER

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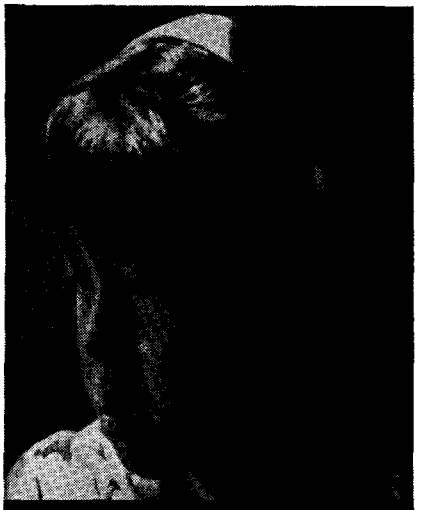


Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Unable to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

**If not you...who?**

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $10.00 a month, $120.00 a year, will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

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# Lost Horizons

**FRITZ LITTLEJOHN**

THE FIRST SIGN appeared in the northern sky, no bigger than a twenty-one-story apartment house—which is what it turned out to be. It seemed innocent enough then, smooth as alabaster, white as a mosque in Araby. A latticed superstructure, viewed from two blocks away, seemed faintly Middle Eastern—after the second martini, positively Moorish. That was four years ago.

I live in what once seemed a reasonably safe fifth-floor apartment in a fashionably sordid sector of the East Side of Manhattan, not far from where Georgia O'Keeffe must have lived when she painted "Sunspots on the Shelton." The apartment never had a real view of the East River. If you leaned out far enough over the rusty fire escape, you could get a glimpse of the sun glinting on the oil-covered surface, a narrow slither of undulation wide enough to accommodate a tugboat or about two-thirds the length of a good-sized tanker. The Waldorf and its towers, full of kings and traveling salesmen, dominated the western horizon but they were far enough away not to bother. To the east lay River House, tenanted by quiet types so rich they didn't care whether they were celebrities. The neighborhood shared their disdain for fame. It is true that a nearby twenty-sixth-floor bar gave the tourists a clear view into the privacy of our Tar Paper Beach, a sweltering weekend retreat on the roof. But otherwise the sky was open and clear all around before the building boom came to the onetime territory of the Dead End Kids. From the back windows of the floor-through flat, you could discern the North Star, one unwavering symbol of stability in a changing world. It was something you could rely upon, and incidentally use to win an occasional bet from New Yorkers who never realized that the U.N. Building on the East River lies farther west than Grant's Tomb on the Hudson or that Radio City extends farther north than the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. But nighttime was the time for flamboyant spectacle in the southern skies: a new act every three hours and a complete change of bill every three months—bright Arcturus arching high over the Con Edison stacks; mighty Hercules astride the river with one foot in Brooklyn, the other in Wall Street; Pegasus, Pisces, and Perseus in illogical parade. On certain late afternoons in the mauve background over New Jersey you could see Venus, alone and palely loitering by Chrysler's slender spire. Or you could, late of a winter's night, watch Orion steal down the slope of the Empire State Building.

BENEATH the windows, boys played stickball in the traffic. Across the way, ancient women lined their windowsills with bed pillows to make their day-long leaning comfortable. Old boys in caps bowled in the abandoned slaughter pens the game of boccie, just as in the countryside in southern Italy or under the trees of the Champ de Mars. Family washing fluttered from retractable clotheslines in a display universal and colorful—now supplanted by the Avenue of Flags on the United Nations Plaza. Twice each week an aged vegetable dealer parked his creaky horse-drawn wagon near the corner and dispensed greeneries at half what they cost in stores. And in the course of a few days you would see Garbo and hat, Paul Whiteman wheeling out one of his sports cars, Madeleine Carroll shopping in the corner drug, the Duke of Windsor taking a small dog for a late-night stroll. With the coming of the United Nations, sirens of police escorts would wail through our street. The landlady's baritone would echo in the air shafts: "Who is it, Margie?" "It's the President!" "So?" Only on Saturday nights was the serenity suspended. Then the back gardens sounded with crisis, denunciations, and imprecations to satisfy Genet and shame Albee.

Across the street, the brownstone mansions had long since been converted to apartments, walkups occupied by indigenous families and newly arrived career girls. In sum-



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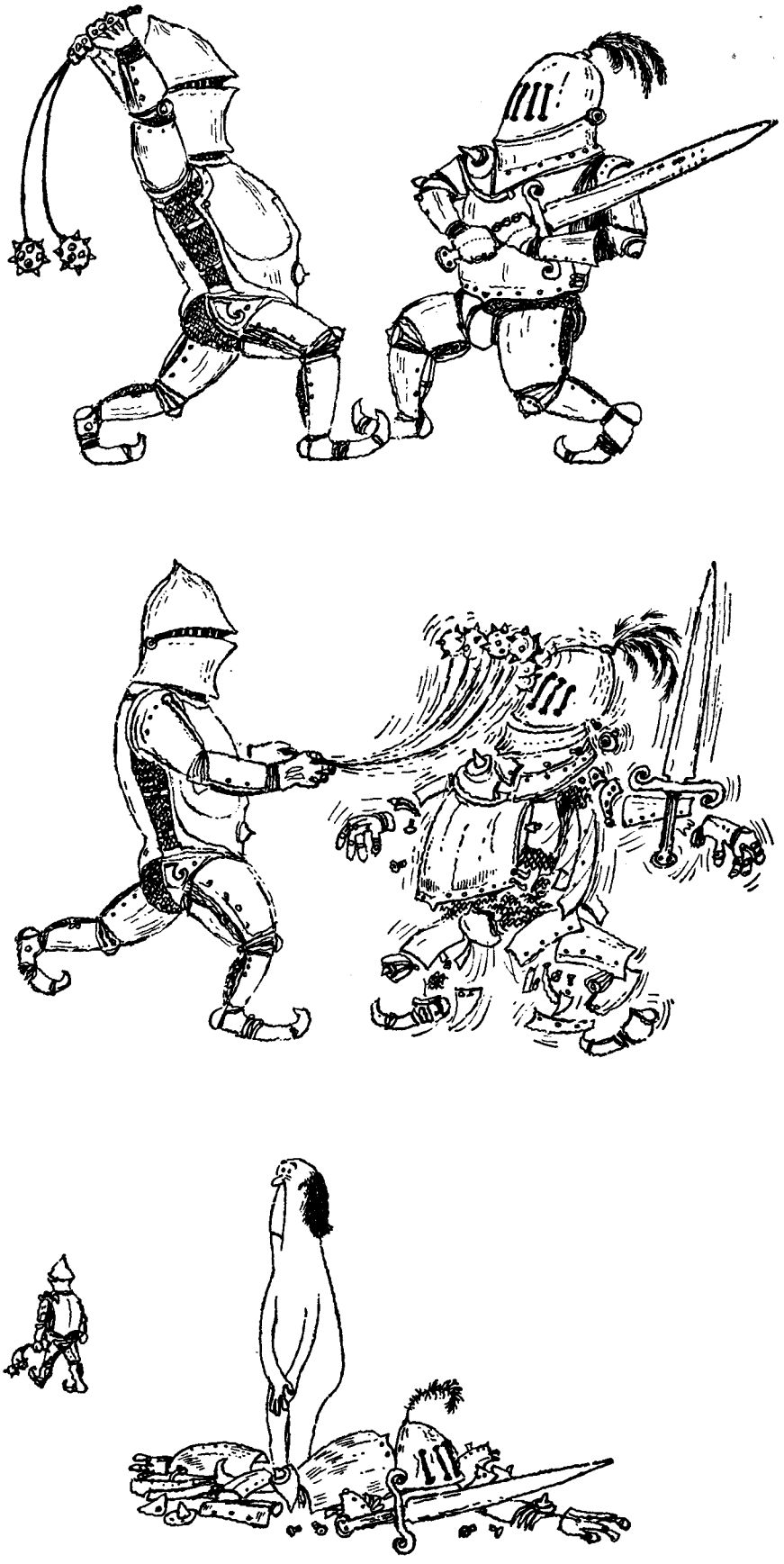
mer the entire range of domesticity was displayed in casual disregard of undraped windows. One lissome young woman was as punctual as she was pretty from forty yards away. Each evening at ten, Sunday through Thursday, she carefully removed a portable kitchen from atop a massive high-standing bathtub that graced the far wall of the all-purpose drawing room. Methodically she ranged her reading material by the bath, slipped gracefully from her clothes, and for a measured hour gave herself up to the pleasures of literature. The young woman had taken down the customary ugly shades and installed instead two climbing green plants. The plants proved inadequate as Venetian blinds, but they lent a sylvan innocence to this mobile mural that proved highly attractive to artistically inclined guests—especially those from out of town, who usually managed to produce a comment on the charms of New York living.

At the height of the architectural incursion, I could count from the rooftop sixteen separate steel or aluminum screens climbing into the heavens. Suddenly a forty-story pile blotted out the beautifully balanced curve and line of the United Nations complex. A cluster of five towers in two adjoining blocks cut off the view to the west and the bright lights of Midtown. The white mosque to the north disappeared behind a brick-and-glass creation a stone's throw distant. And across the street two antiseptic structures, with canopies and gold-buttoned doormen, supplanted the brownstones and now permit only two narrow ribbons of light.

No more sunspots on the Shelton, not from here. The view is obstructed. No more sunbathing in bed. No more panoramic views of life in little houses across the way. You can still win a dollar now and then betting that Ebbets Field in Brooklyn was farther west than the Polo Grounds in Manhattan. But a map is required to prove it, and it was more fun guiding on Polaris. Now the stars dart quickly across the narrow strips of sky, and the viewer feels—as he does on first looking through a telescope—the small planet turn beneath his feet and hears the tick of time.



## Of Arms and the Man by Fernando Krahn



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BOOKS

# Our Wandering Course In the Flowery Kingdom

ROBERT P. KNAPP, JR.

AMERICA'S FAILURE IN CHINA 1941-50, by Tang Tsou. *University of Chicago Press. $12.50.*

From early antiquity the Chinese have regarded their country as the center of both the world and the universe. *Joong,* the single strong ideogram that stands for China in the eyes of the Chinese, means literally "middle" or "center." Now, as China's Communism flows southward in Asia, as its emissaries and tributaries spread over the world, *joong,* the irregular quadrangle split by a single decisive brush stroke, assumes significant and ominous symbolism.

Yet only nineteen years ago China was in a state of helpless, faltering dependency. Despite hundreds of millions of dollars of foreign aid, as the Second World War entered its final year the armies of Chiang Kai-shek had been pushed further west into the interior than ever before. Western authorities considered the military power of the Chinese insufficient to prevent the Japanese from advancing at will to any part of China. Only the vastness of the country and the consequent logistical problems limited the enemy's capabilities. But there was certainly nothing novel about China's plight in early 1945. The Japanese advances of 1944 merely marked the latest high point of foreign invasions, which from before the time of the Mongols had held for varying periods the richest areas of China. And for the United States, the loss of costly East China air bases and the wholesale rout of the Central Government's armies was only the latest reverse in a hundred years of an uncertain and vacillating China policy. In 1949, Mao's victorious Communist troops ended meaningful American participation in Chinese internal affairs. A century of involvement that had included the opening of the Treaty Ports, the Boxer Rebellion, the Boxer indemnity, the Flying Tigers, the Burma Road, and our own ultimate and complete—though involuntary—commitment at Pearl Harbor had ended with the United States cast as China's Foreign Devil Number One.

America's failure in China remains a deep and continuing concern for all of us. Year after year a flow of books manifests the breadth and persisting immediacy of this concern. In point of fact, however, our fundamental attitude toward China is no different now from what it has been since we first opened trade with the Flowery Kingdom shortly after Yorktown. We *are* enormously concerned about China, but we do not seem able to decide what we should do about it. We have repeatedly—and indecisively—intervened for and against China according to our transient objectives, but our intervention has never affected the country's ultimate destiny. We have suffered, as Tang Tsou notes perceptively in his preface to what strikes me as by far the most important of the recent books about China, from an "unwillingness and inability either to use military power or to abandon ambitious goals." We ponder and debate "recognition" or "nonrecognition" of the Red régime; but regardless of how widely or how sharply these views have varied, there has been little evidence of a coherent, fundamental, and practicable principle in our approach. Although for more than a hundred years we have insisted on a part in China's affairs, we have never addressed ourselves to the underlying forces and problems of that land.

Professor Tang's book, based on meticulous scholarship, is a care-

## THE SIAN INCIDENT

For those who find idle speculation among the pleasures of reading history, the Sian incident of December, 1936, will prove rewarding. By that time, important elements among the largely autonomous military leaders attached to the Nationalists had become dissatisfied with Chiang Kai-shek's conduct of the defense against the renewed Japanese aggressions. Under the leadership of "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang, these insurgent commanders seized Chiang while he was in Sian in North China. A particular grievance of the captors was Chiang's continuing campaigns against the Communists while the Japanese advances went on. It was proposed that Chiang Kai-shek be done away with, but first the Communist leadership was consulted. The prospect of Chiang's death was by no means displeasing to extremists in his own Kuomintang, who felt that they might benefit from it personally.

However, Chou-En-lai, who went to Sian as the Communist emissary, successfully pleaded that Chiang be spared. He foresaw the anarchy that would follow Chiang's murder, even though he himself had narrowly escaped death in Chiang's Communist purge of 1927. That anarchy would in all likelihood have enabled the Japanese to defeat the Kuomintang factions and the Communists in succession. The consequence of Chiang's survival was the uneasy Nationalist-Communist united front that endured until the defeat of Japan in 1945, and it was that united front which kept the Japanese Kwangtung Army fully engaged in China throughout the war instead of being able to extend its conquests from a captive China to Soviet Siberia.

In 1941 it was the Soviet Siberian armies, hastily withdrawn to the West, that gave Hitler his ultimately fatal check in Russia. Those Russian armies could not have been moved to Moscow but for the Japanese engagement in China with the united front of Communist guerrillas and Nationalist troops. By 1941 the Sian incident was lost in the tide of far more sweeping events; but we certainly would not have forgotten a Nazi defeat of Russia in 1941.



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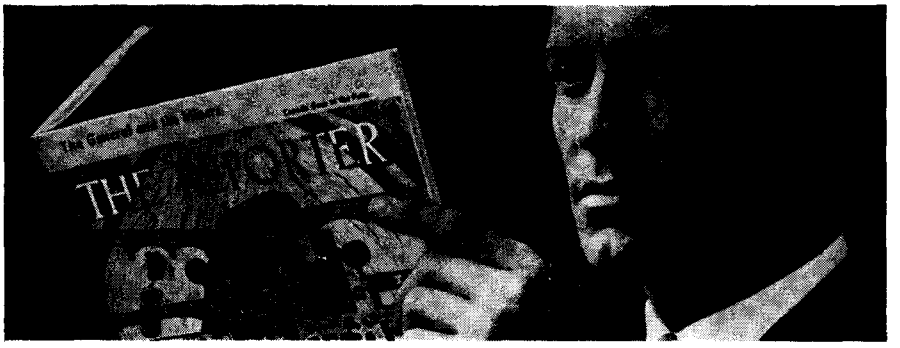
fully weighed accusation of us all. It will not justify the arguments of those who would blame or exonerate individuals or factions in the great China debate of a dozen years ago. Roosevelt, Chiang, Stilwell, Acheson, Marshall, Truman, and the critics of Truman's policies all fail alike in this painstaking evaluation.

In the early 1950's, Americans were passionately aroused by charges that the Communist victory in China was made possible by treason in the highest places of our government. Even now the belief persists, and not only among extremists, that China was "sold out." Our involvement in China in the 1940's was so erratic that the suspicion of treachery in our own country, however unjustified by analysis, was inevitable.

Our final loss of power and influence in China was not, however, the product of subversion or even the product of the policies of that last decade. The China debate of a dozen years ago focused almost exclusively on the events of 1946-1949. The question of whether we failed in China is commonly cast in terms of that period and premised on the hypothesis that we somehow could have succeeded. Now if China were Laos, Greece, Iran, or even Berlin, the examination of our policy over the four years of the final debacle might furnish a valid answer to the questions of how, why, and whether we "lost." But the crucial question is not what we did or did not do vis-à-vis China during the Second World War and after. It is whether, considering China's history, its huge population, and its vast and strategically located area, we as a nation ever had what could be accurately called a national policy toward China. Indeed, as Professor Tang asks quietly but pointedly, do we truly have and pursue a foreign policy with respect to any part of the world? Or do we continue, as we did in China, merely to fashion palliatives to provide temporary relief from symptoms while leaving the underlying infirmity to spread and increase in virulence?

If a nation's foreign policy is to be measured by its deeds rather than by its words, our experience in China stands as a disturbing case history of U.S. policy. There is no area in the world, even including our own hem-

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# THE REPORTER Puzzle

## Acrostickler® No. 97

by HENRY ALLEN

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**DIRECTIONS**

*1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.*
*2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.*
*3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person:* the Acrostician.

A
130 198 56 54 200 96 "I took a_____ large and new, / Fit for the deed I had to do." Carroll, "Through the Looking Glass."

B
12 118 220 100 34 212 "I have no spur to prick the sides of my_____." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

C
188 20 60 142 38 58 68 "_____enim non imperatur, nisi parendo." Bacon, "New Atlantis."

D
158 110 210 166 "The Mede is at his_____! / The Persian on his Throne!" Byron, "Vision of Belshazzar."

E
50 2 46 184 108 126 174 176 Sound of a horse galloping.

F
42 70 208 24 172 192 6 Pertaining to the East.

G
48 204 66 160 180 "That_____ which we the heart of England well may call." Michael Drayton, "Polyolbion."

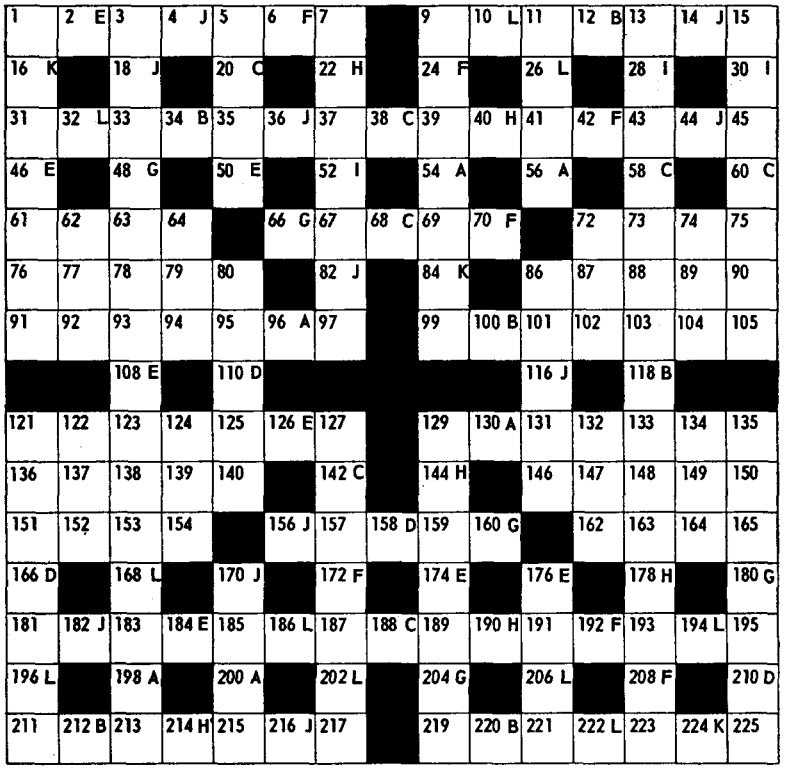
H
190 178 40 144 214 22 A bent tube for the conveyance of liquids.

I
28 30 52 "And left the vivid_____ signed with their honour." Stephen Spender, "I Think Continually of Those."

J
156 18 44 170 216 82 36 4 182 116 14 A kind of lace.

K
16 84 224 "Where—where slept thine _____?" Keats, "Hymn to Apollo."

L
26 222 194 196 32 168 10 186 206 202 One who obstructs.



### ACROSS

1. The country of the Acrostician.
9. Widows who crest 51.
31. What MATS badly needs is plan to rent spars (9,6).
61. Oils used by the great Irish clan.
66. See a Freudian being with French ideas.
72. Lied somehow about being out of work.
76. Not out with nine or more.
86. A tool the opposite of one who is 72 across.
91. Such a racer is more frightening colloquially.
99. Was about to seal what Admiralty experts use (3,4).
121. Salty sea with Nils? Salts, yes.
129. The imp in the desk short-changed us, apparently.
136. A happening is mostly flat.
146. Desire mightily or hear in cave.
151. This animal has no small company.
156. An African river that seems to flow in around Germany.
162. A tax sometimes used for cats.
181. What pieceworkers having the same hours are on with non-matching petticoats (9,6).
211. Meanders about and may roll in the streets.
219. Attitudes in boxing that are able to scan the set.

### DOWN

1. Is Tim so upset about this chemical change?
3. A fair deal apparently that intellectual power can tender (10,5).
5. One who possesses it has a hundred in specie in hand.
7. One small doctor or the description of stock not yet delivered? (2,5).
9. Stool pigeons, maybe, but also dogs.
11. The till may ring a change on air.
13. A transcontinental railway might describe a peace-loving Canuck (8,7).
15. Nuns and what they call each other before all the rest?
62. A bit of business in Incan gold mines (abbr).
64. The Celtic Neptune is among the taller gods.
72. A state of not being well.
74. The author of "Ben Hur" is not quite up to being well.
80. Laughing when things are in train.
86. I can softly alter extreme terror.
121. Yields to what the stuttering planter says he does?
122. Macanese coin pays up for Roman eggs.
124. When of Court, it's not a place of rest.
127. Tailors who sound like wooers and other users of it.
129. Knife cases used by sailors when the heath is on board.
132. A title acquired by a woman who does not do as it sounds.
134. A street about the woman who became 132 Perón.
135. Ted's set hates with venom.
170. Vied with this vale and so became devilled.
176. Mother of the gods and the first letter of the alphabet.

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isphere, where the United States was called upon to exercise and where it did exercise its power longer than it did in China. Yet to the very end —perhaps to this day—we consistently determined our course on the basis of immediate and external effects. Both the policymakers and their critics have always been preoccupied with the details and procedures of actions current at the time rather than with the essential elements of China's position. It is a fundamental paradox in the history of our relations with China that as a pre-eminently unmilitaristic nation we have consistently viewed Chinese problems in a military frame of reference. After Pearl Harbor, we asked whether our generals and admirals and their civilian chiefs could not have averted the calamity, rather than whether we had been wise in our China policy. Certainly after having been attacked for our attachment to China, we would have been wise to review that policy and to plan for the future. Certainly, too, I know of no American in China during the war who did not fully expect the Chinese civil war to resume after peace with Japan, but our conduct in 1946 and 1947 demonstrated no appreciable awareness of the extent of the gains of the Chinese Communists during the Japanese occupation. General Stilwell's removal provoked bitter dispute, but whether they were right or wrong, Stilwell's proposals for reorganization of the Nationalist Army were only military proposals —and quite properly so. And they were primarily directed to a more effective fight against Japan.

When the Chinese civil war broke out again in 1945, we unavoidably had a military situation imposed upon us, and with it came the bitter beginning of a long and heated dispute. The civil war and then the Communist victory became realities, and the China controversy continued on grounds that begged the fundamental questions. The proponents of the administration argued, with facts that can no longer be seriously questioned, that the United States had done for Chiang all that he sought and that the ultimate rout of the Kuomintang was the result of its own manifold inadequacies. However valid this position, it is irrelevant to the broad and fundamental principles by which our China policy must be judged in historical perspective. Whether or not we were in 1946 committed to the Kuomintang, we had for more than a hundred years been committed—and in 1941, committed to the death—to a freedom for China that was incompatible with Communist dominance.

The vociferous critics of our course during those postwar years insisted that we had done far less than our honor and our own best interests demanded at that time. But when the door to China inexorably began to close on us, no responsible—or even irresponsible—politician in the United States, regardless of faction, dared propose the only action that might have contained Mao Tse-tung, namely, large-scale and direct intervention by American troops. Much the same thing was repeated three years later when General Douglas MacArthur returned in a triumph that was in the narrowest and strictest sense purely personal. We honored MacArthur for the intensity of conviction that caused him to stand like a rock for direct attack on Mao, but we voted overwhelmingly for Eisenhower and the proposition of making the best deal we could get with Mao.

THE ONE clear fact is that in 1941, in 1945, in 1949, and in 1952, right down to the present, China was and still is essentially an abstract and philosophical commitment for us. It is an emotional commitment that we have honored repeatedly, but always tardily with makeshift measures. It is true that in 1941 we were brought to bloody and burdensome war for China, not because we had said we would fight for China but because our actions furnished sufficient pretext for a clique that had

## A BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY

Five recent books, including *America's Failure in China*, are noteworthy in that they view China of the present and of the recent past from five different points of view while achieving consistent portrayals of the periods that they record in common. *China on the Eve of Communist Takeover* (Praeger, $6.95) is a collection of contemporaneous accounts of China in the years 1947 through 1949. Its author, Professor A. Doak Barnett of Columbia University, vividly chronicles in personal interviews and observation the disintegration of Nationalist power that was an essential factor in the final Communist victory. Barnett went to China on a journalistic mission as a scholar in Far Eastern affairs.

O. Edmund Clubb's *Twentieth Century China* (Columbia University Press, $7.95) is the work of an American foreign service officer who spent twenty years in the Orient. Clubb was the last U.S. consul general in Peiping, leaving only after the Communists had seized power. He speaks from the knowledge and experience that can only be gained from living in a country. He speaks also as a careful and dispassionate student of Chinese history.

George Paloczi-Horvath's biography, *Mao Tse-tung, Emperor of the Blue Ants* (Doubleday, $5.75), is a fascinating account written by a man with no personal knowledge of China but with an intimate knowledge of Communism, some of it gained in years in Communist jails in his native Hungary. Scholars may object that much of Mr. Paloczi-Horvath's work is insufficiently documented, yet it is very obviously the product of wide and deep study of his subject and, more importantly, of penetrating and discriminating insight.

It is not possible to assess how profoundly Edgar Snow's rather friendly *Red Star Over China*, which was published in 1937, may have affected America's attitude toward China and the Chinese Communists. Snow probably knows Mao Tse-tung better than any non-Chinese who has written about him. In *The Other Side of the River, Red China Today* (Random House, $10), he retains his facility for presenting Chinese Communism through the eyes of hundreds of individuals with whom he talked. Snow is both sympathetic and objective; he records the good and the bad, his doubts and his convictions. In Snow's book a properly critical reader will find grounds for reaching conclusions different from the author's, but while Snow's predilections about the nature of Chinese Communism may be both too enthusiastic and optimistic, his reportage is a valuable contribution. —RPK, Jr.



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never had difficulty in finding pretexts. The Pearl Harbor and China inquiries might well have been deepened and transformed into studies of underlying causes and attainable objectives. Every participant in the China debate was able to his own satisfaction to answer for his own actions and whereabouts when the shots were fired. More pertinent and ominous in China as a case study of American foreign policy is that no one did or could point to a consistent and continuing American policy that regarded China as a nation standing at the center of the world, looking to a future as long as its past.

# Monument To Failure

**GOUVERNEUR PAULDING**

COOPER'S CREEK, by Alan Moorehead. Illustrated. *Harper & Row. $5.95.*

In 1860, the city of Melbourne, capital of Victoria, mounted an expedition to march north across the Australian continent to the Gulf of Carpentaria. Fifteen years earlier an Englishman, Sturt—Harrow and Army—had advanced beyond the halfway mark but had been driven back when instead of the inland lake, or mountains, or forest he hoped for, he found only desert. He discovered, however, one oasis, a strip of water that he would have liked to call a river if only it had had a current and which he named Cooper's Creek after a lawyer friend in Adelaide. It was there that the later expedition from Melbourne met with tragedy.

The Melbourne notables engaged a somewhat lovesick, distinctly eccentric, and very gallant police official, Robert O'Hara Burke, Protestant Irish, to lead their venture. A serious young Englishman, William John Wills, who according to Alan Moorehead "absorbed the Victorian virtues as to the manner born," became the expedition's surveyor; he would chart the course and hold to it through the march. He also kept a diary right up to the end, and it



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was he who made possible the reconstruction of what took place.

Preparation was thorough. An emissary was sent off to India to bring back camels—for a time, it was thought they should have a rum ration. Ample provisions were assembled. Instructions, of necessity, were vague: how to reach Cooper's Creek was known, and it was there that the main depot would be established: from Cooper's Creek, Burke would proceed to the northern gulf as best he could, then make his way back to the depot, where he would find provisions, fresh camels, and horses—the assurance of a triumphant march to Melbourne.

The party advanced north without great difficulty to Cooper's Creek, but kept losing detachments on the way. Burke was too fast for his lines of communication, and it would seem that the men in charge of following him with the supplies were all afflicted with anxiety about their pay, timidity about their safety, or in some cases plain irresponsibility. Burke waited a while at Cooper's Creek. Then, leaving a man named Brahe in charge with instructions to stay there and await his return, he went his way with a party of three men that included the faithful surveyor, Wills. Perhaps the leader's orders to the supply party to await his return at Cooper's Creek were not expressed with complete precision and firmness; later, too late, there was argument over the matter.

Ahead now lay the unknown. It was traversed. Burke reached a salty tidal stream, although swamp and jungle prevented him from setting foot on the northern beach. The party then turned back toward Cooper's Creek, successful, elated, and running dangerously low on supplies. In his remarkable narrative, Alan Moorehead describes this return trip with great detail and vividness, thanks to Wills's diary, his own knowledge of the terrain, both supported by excellent illustrations. For sixty-seven days the party marched back from the gulf, and one would think—one finds oneself hoping—that this was the test and the revelation of their courage. But the finest courage shows not in achievement but in confrontation with despair.

When the three men—the fourth had died—reached Cooper's Creek,



*A piece of the action from Newsweek:*

"Cute-Meet"

'The lady and the psychiatrist meet at the complaint department of the department store, because his couch was sent to her and her couch was sent to him. Or the guy in the limousine splashes mud all over the girl, and it turns out he's a dry-cleaning king. Or they are alone at closing time on the Observation Roof of the Empire State Building—and each thinks the other is trying to commit suicide. The device, used to set off all romantic comedies, is called the cute-meet, and its survival in the history of the cinema is like that of the horseshoe crab in the history of life."

*From a recent Newsweek Movies column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?*

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*"YES, YES, Power bobbybakerizes, and absolute power bobbybakerizes absolutely. It is in the nature of cheese to attract mice. Who knows the point at which an aroma turns into a stench? The majesty of the White House is in itself a powerful deordorant, but before this stench settles forever into the woodwork, President Johnson should seriously consider making public the financial dealings of the Austin TV stations, alleged beneficiaries of some of the bobbybaking."*

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they found the camp deserted. Brahe had not waited for them; in fact, he had left the morning of their arrival. A note told them that he and his party were in good health and had "six camels and twelve horses in good working condition." There was no hope that the exhausted men could overtake those who had abandoned them.

Burke buried a nobly understated note in a bottle: "Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone. . . . The camels cannot travel and we cannot walk, or we should follow the other party. We shall move very slowly down the creek." He thought he might reach some settlement in the direction of Adelaide. Perhaps he thought nothing of the kind. Perhaps he simply refused to lie down under the trees and die. But they could not even follow the creek, which was not to be distinguished from countless branches that led nowhere. The men wandered about. Burke died. The faithful Wills died after writing a letter to his father in impeccable English and with impeccable punctuation. The third companion, John King, serving his superiors to the end—there was caste even in the desert—survived, assisted by natives. A rescue party found him.

Melbourne conducted a lengthy investigation in an attempt to fix responsibility for the abandoning of the Cooper's Creek depot, failed to do that since everyone was to blame one way or another, then erected a monument.

# Estrangement Is Bad For You

**JOHN WILLIAM WARD**

SELF-RENEWAL: THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE INNOVATIVE SOCIETY, by John W. Gardner. *Harper & Row. $3.50.*

Anyone who reads John W. Gardner will know at once that he must be a kind, intelligent, thoughtful, and good man. He is also a hopeful man. He knows we live in "a day of inner estrangement and outer conformity," but believes we can renew ourselves and rededicate our lives to the central moral conception of our so-



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ciety, "the idea of the dignity and worth of the individual."

Mr. Gardner is right, of course. And yet how is it possible for a man to be so humanely and sensibly right on page after page and yet leave one totally apathetic? It's partly the style: "The tides of change that move society on to new solutions or catastrophes run deeper than the swirling events of the day"; "One of the most difficult problems we face is to make it possible for young people to participate in the great tasks of their time"; "This will strike some as a burdensome responsibility, but it will summon others to greatness." Partly the tendency of sweeping problems under the rug: "We cannot explore here the full implications of. . . ." Partly the assured tone: ". . . we are talking about processes of great complexity—but not so complex as to defy understanding." Partly the sheer reasonableness of the argument: like the rational ass of Buridan, one is always equidistant from equal piles of hay, unable to decide which way to go while perishing with hunger.

Mr. Gardner sees all the problems we all know about, and he wants what any right-thinking man wants. He wants a society where people are open to change yet respectful of tradition; optimistic yet not naïve; materially well off yet devoted to spiritual values; autonomous individuals yet committed to the larger social enterprise.

Who could ask for anything more? A lot of people, including those for whom Mr. Gardner wrote this book. At one point, discussing the "catastrophic mistake" of mindless conformity, he hopes that the individual "may be wise enough to relate himself—as a free and morally responsible individual—to the larger social enterprise and to values that transcend the self. This will be difficult, of course, if the larger social enterprise is so fragmented or decayed that he cannot in fact relate himself to it." One word gives the whole book away. "Difficult"? It will be impossible. Mr. Gardner, with all his virtues on him, can never allow the possibility of that impossible. God knows, we desperately need men *who care*, but they will have to sting us with their rage before many of us start to care with them.


*A piece of the action from Newsweek:*

"Mop Tops"

"Beatlemania has been pegged, by the sociologically inclined, as a protest against the adult world, but the grown-ups have it backward: the Beatles' appeal is positive, not negative. They give kids a chance to let off steam and adults a chance to let off disapproval. They have even evolved a peculiar sort of sexless appeal: cute and safe. The most they ask is 'I Want to Hold Your Hand.' Their mop tops, if not actually blurring the dividing line of sex, certainly soften it for many of their fans in their early teens, or younger. 'The Beatles are just so funny and nice and, well, cool,' said one New York 13-year-old."

*From a recent Newsweek Music column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?*

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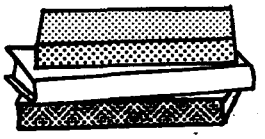

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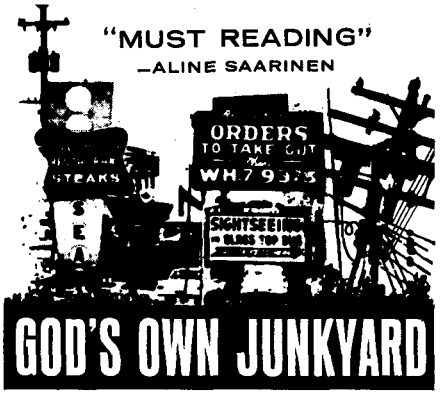


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# 1040 And All That

**HERBERT ROBINSON**

THE GREAT TREASURY RAID, by Philip M. Stern. *Random House. $5.95.*

If you have any income at all, you are probably benefiting from some preference, exemption, exclusion, or loophole in our tax laws. We all have special interests. And Philip M. Stern's excellent study of the unequal impact and the irrational assumptions of our Federal tax laws cites chapter and verse. One fortunate multimillionaire had income of over $26 million in 1960 but paid no Federal income tax at all for that year (he reported a loss of almost a million dollars); an oil firm that had profits of $65 million during a six-year period not only paid no tax but received a $425,000 refund; a wise widow invested a $56-million inheritance in tax-exempt bonds, thereby receiving more than $1.5 million of tax-free income annually. Others, including most notably the movie mogul Louis B. Mayer, have had specially tailored private tax-relief laws enacted through the aid of complaisant congressmen.

Mr. Stern's major contribution is his emphatic demonstration that our unfair tax system has developed and is maintained because we all have special, partisan, or vested interests, whether our tax savings are huge or paltry. Those with large incomes, earned or unearned, get the major benefits, but even those of us who condemn most vehemently the special tax provisions for oil interests and the like tend to lick our chops with glee when we receive a tax sop. I am surely not the only parent who would relish inclusion in the 1964 tax law of partial deductibility of college expenses for children.

THERE ARE special tax benefits afforded to what Mr. Stern calls "The Favored Many" who comprise such enormous groups as Social Security recipients, veterans, relief beneficiaries, unemployed workers, homeowners, factory workers with various fringe benefits, contributors to charity—in short, just about the entire income-receiving population. Itemized deductions alone total $11.5 billion annually and if eliminated would make possible a twenty per cent reduction in tax rates without any loss of revenue to the Federal Treasury, while elimination of all special tax preferences could reduce tax rates by about fifty per cent. We might then enjoy a genuinely progressive tax system instead of the present mess, which theoretically accepts the concept and proceeds to undermine it.

Mr. Stern demonstrates that the vaunted benefits to the country from one or another type of tax concession —supposedly encouraging charitable giving, stimulating industry, or encouraging homeownership—are ancient shibboleths that often do not materialize in real life. And though a huge complex of special credits for income derived from property ownership is worked into our unduly complicated tax laws, no recognition is given to the human factor through similar credit for earned income. In a pungent chapter dealing with charitable contributions, the author shows how readily the well-to-do can make money by giving it away —by using inflated values, avoiding capital-gains taxes, temporary gifts to charity, and so on. The most striking example is that of the citizen who avoided paying any tax whatsoever on almost $20 million of income in one year by giving securities that originally cost him $460,000 to his own privately controlled foundation. By so doing he completely avoided all capital gains taxes, secured a charitable contribution deduction, and saved $6 million in taxes.

Once enacted, even the most improbable form of preferential treatment becomes a way of life, a sacred right whose repeal is prohibited by the American ethos, duly supported by efficient lobbyists. The built-in barriers to change established over the years are illustrated by the rough going suffered by the administration's tax bill during the past year. Tax reform has yielded to tax cutting, but the chaotic and cumbersome tax system itself has not been changed—and is not apt to be in the near future.



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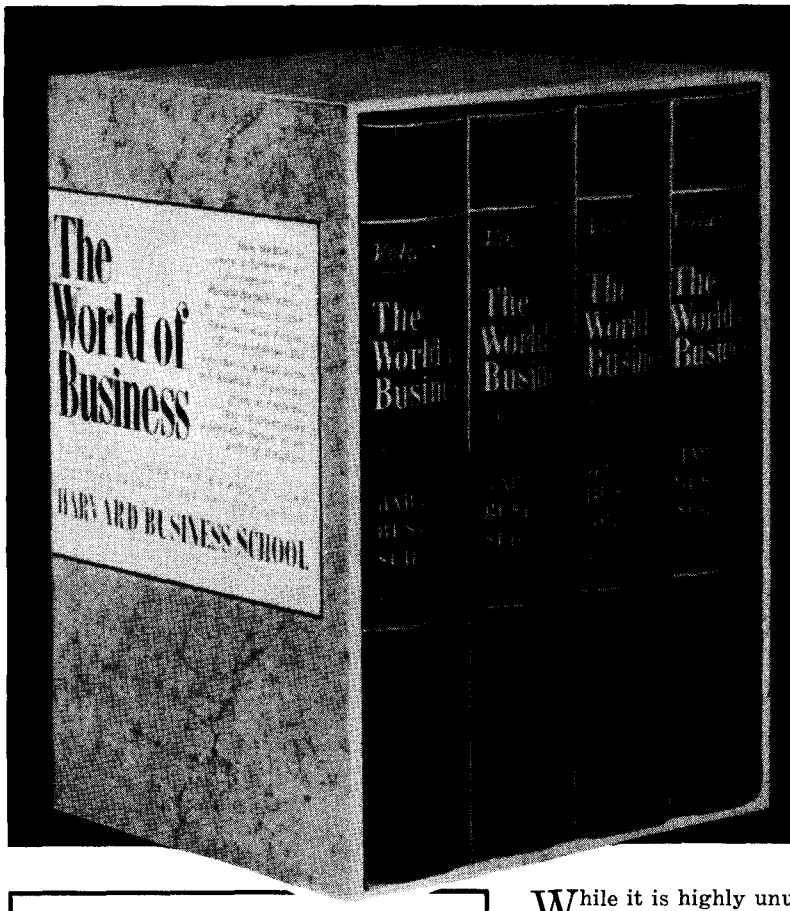


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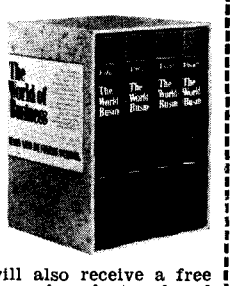

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